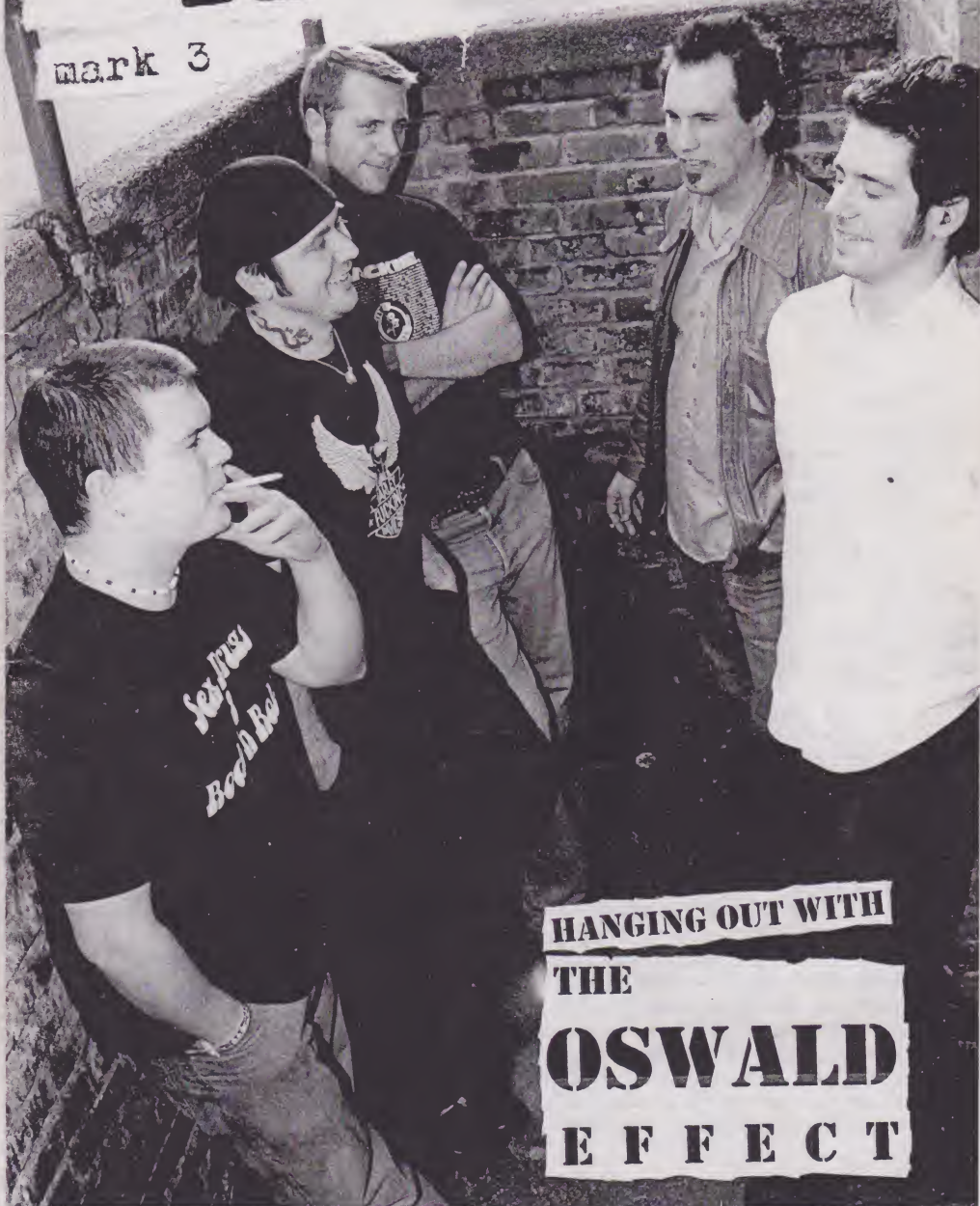


Chunk

mark 3



HANGING OUT WITH
THE
OSWALD
E F F E C T

PLUS! Reviews ✕ Interviews ✕ Zines ✕ Shows ✕ Movies ✕ Art ✕ and Nikki Sixx

SCREAM FOR ME, ~~LONG BEACH~~ SEATTLE! (Forgive me; I just re-acquired Maiden's *Live After Death*, and it's on all the time...) Well, it's been a stretch since you last heard from us, but I can assure you I have a handful of rock solid reasons for our absence (among them: bought a home - the best place in a great neighborhood, moved in with my girl - the best thing on two legs, got a dog - the best thing on four legs, nurturing a photography career - we'll see). But enough of all that noise, people. Better late than never. So. Thanks for picking us up, thanks for reading and thanks for sending us your comments. We do appreciate it. And as some of you have found out, we show our appreciation by always writing back. Let us know what you think. Hell, I got ta go - loose ends all over the damn place...and miles to go before I sleep. Always remember, keep on the borderlands...

Cheers, Jason

THE THANKS LIST

BANDS

Lemmy from Motorhead, DIPSY-DOODLE RAMP-A-RONI, Captain Geech and the SHRIMP SHACK SHOOTERS, Robert Maeder & MTF, THE CLEVELAND STEAMERS, SLARTIBARTFAST, G-ROCK and SIX-HAIR SOUL PATCH, Mr. Jiggy Fly, Aaron Taylor and SURVEY CEZ, Nils and MURDOCK, TREPAN, UNDERIDE, THE OSWALD EFFECT, the guys from LOW THIN SQUARE and BEAT SENSELESS, Ted Kamp and PONTICELLO, Nikki and the BRIDES

INDUSTRY TYPES

Captain Don Soriano and the crew of the M/V HANJIN BARCELONA, all the fine pilots in Port Anegelos, The Rev. J. Mackin for his BOOK OF LETTERS, Dirk Burhans at GREASY SPOON, Frederick Argoff for BROOKLYN!, Christoph Meyer for 28PLBw/T, Ninj at INFILTRATION, Don W. Seven for all them babysues, Tom, Ed and Merlin at SLAUGHTERHOUSE, XEROGRAPHY DEBT, Kimm Reidy, Miss Tangina Barrons, the kind folks at LIBERTY BELL PRINTING (sorry about that thing with your color copier), the people at SCOTCH for the superb glue-sticks and to COSTCO for selling it in 36-packs, and STICKER JUNKIE

FRIENDS and NEIGHBORS

The BEARDED MEN of SPACE STATION 11, the original Metal Detector himself, Dean Adams, Tanner Boyle, Timmy Lupus, Ogilvie, Engleberg, Rudi Stein, Ahmed Abdul Rahim, Amanda Whurlizer, Toby Whitewood, Joey Turner, Jimmy Feldman, Regi Tower, Jose and Miguel Agilar, Kelly Leak and Coach Morris Buttermaker -- THE BAD NEWS BEARS, Brad Burger, Frieda Felcher from Cranston, Arthur Rankin and Jules Bass, Mr. Craig Parrish for keeping it SO metal for SO long, Baron von Zeppelin, Lloyd Dobbler, Lane Myer, Dr. Steven Poop, Johnny Wilkinson, Sgt. Rock and the men of Easy Company, the LITTLE LEBOWSKI URBAN ACHIEVERS (and proud we are of all of them), and most especially Kevin Knappert, his wife, and the crew on the boat that day: AK, Don, Troy, Jessica, Forrest and the love of my life, Tanya. And you, too, Mom.

RANDOM NOTES

This issue was produced with the help of Leavenworth Brewing Company's amazing Blind Pig Dunkleweizen, Coca-Cola Classic, fresh Smith Brothers' Farms 2% milk, Hav-a-Tampa Jewels, J.I. Rodale, Maritime Pacific's Jolly Roger Ale, numerous 6-packs of OE 800 tall boys, peanut M&M's, Jimmy Dean sausage, Haagen Dazs coffee & almond crunch ice cream bars (holy crap!), Campbell's alphabet soup, Fresca, 4B's Teriyaki Chicken Sandwiches (thanks, Steve), and a little bit of Chartreuse...If you can't say something nice about somebody, you'll probably get punched in the face...ALL YOUR BASE ARE BELONG TO US...Shop smart, shop S-MART...Go Ampipe Bulldogs!

NO THANKS

Marcello Santos. Phil Shibano, Mitch & Murray

The game is everywhere. Essentially, it's a street game. Wherever you look, there it is. Basketball is the one sport that everyone can play, easily. All you need is a ball. Look around; you'll find hoops ready for action on every playground. But who plays on these courts? Some pretty dedicated players, as it turns out. They play a modified version of the strict rules of basketball, tweaked by street rules. Here's a discussion with one such player. They call him 'MastaDon' or 'The Wonder Bread,' depending on who you talk to.

The Ball Decides

By Jason Olcott



How does streetball work? Do you always play 3 on 3?

It changes. Today, at most, we had seven guys, so we had a game of 21 goin' on, then we ran 3's, then a couple guys left, and we broke up into 2's. But on a good day, on a good run at a good park, you might have four teams of five goin' at it.

What's the standard game?

11 straight is pretty much prevailing. Race to 11, no win-by-2. Play by ones, no 3-pointers, because nobody's looking at your feet, right? No free throws, obviously.

You've got guys walking in off the street to play. How do you team up?

Well, it depends. Most often we let the ball decide. If we're playing 3's, everyone shoots, and the first three to make it are a team.

What about the rules? How are they treated?

It's kinda like a poker game, right? When all the guys come together, you settle on what the house rules for the night. You go over a few things; "we go 11 straight, no win by 2, clear everything past the three-point line..." this kind of thing. We call our own fouls. The more tedious calls, the three seconds, an offensive charge, a moving screen, shit like that, that's just the way street ball is played. You don't call that shit.

And if somebody does?

The ball decides. The ball decides everything. If somebody's got a problem, they can always shoot for it. Democratic as hell, right? You can't beat it. You get one vote, no appeal. It's just one shot, and shut the hell up.

What do you mean?

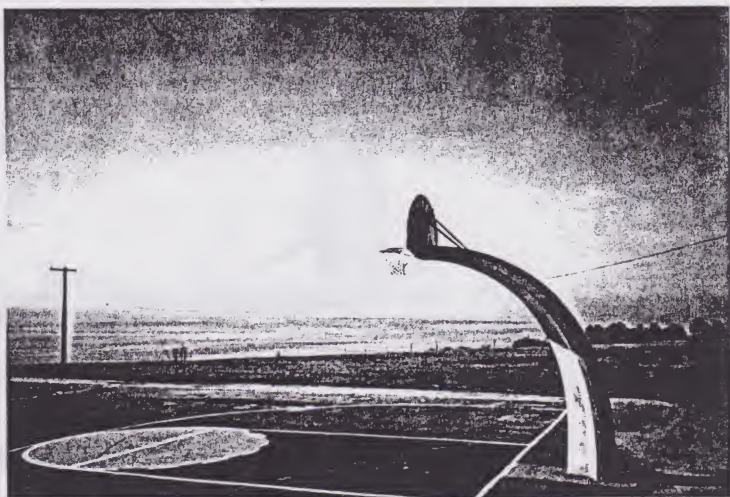
If somebody calls a travel on me, I *know* I didn't travel -- it's my same spin move I've been doing for ten years, I get away with it in league, Michael Jordan got away with it his whole damn life -- I'm not gonna let you take my bucket away without a fight. You think I traveled, you shoot the ball. You make it, then you're right, and you get the ball. You miss it, you were wrong.

What's the main difference in the culture of street ball vs. a refereed game?

I think the biggest thing is, there's gotta be some foundation of respect. Respect the call, respect the players, call your own fouls

Since some fouls go un-called, do you think streetball is a more natural, pure game, or that it's just a loose interpretation of the official rules of basketball?

I don't think those ideas are mutually exclusive; they go hand in hand. It is a better, purer type of ball because the momentum is allowed to build. I mean, when you watch a college game or a pro game, you can sense the frustration of the players, because they just can't get into the groove. If the whistle's blowin' all the time, it's negating any momentum. You gotta let the game build. I think that's what the NBA is missing, that loose run-and-gun kinda thing.



The NBA isn't spicy enough for you?

Look, I've played in games where we'll have a 40-minute running clock, and we put up 100, 125 points pretty regularly. Whereas right now if you watch a 48-minute NBA game, most teams are struggling to hit 80. It's ridiculous. It's a slowed-down, back-to-the-basket, one-on-one Iso-play type game...it's East Coast basketball, and it's ugly. It is. It's always been ugly. But that's not the kind of ball we like to play out here on the West Coast. Out here, we just like to keep runnin'. It's just offensive fluidity.

Do you, personally, have a style?

I think I do. It'd be in the vein of the Larry Bird thing. You know, slow white guys who can't jump all that much, you gotta be a lot smarter, you gotta think the game. I know that 7,8 times out of 10, the person I'm goin' head-to-head with is probably a better athlete than I am. I'm 30 years old, I smoke too much, I drink too much, and I can still hold my own in pretty much any game. But that's not because I've got more athletic gifts, it's just because I'm smarter. And a few tricks will get you a long, long way.

Do you have a signature move, something you always go to?

You know I do, baby, you know I do. And I know immediately if I got ya. Because if I did it right, then I'm holdin' the ball in one hand and I'm talkin' to you on the way up.

What do you think about the AND1 streetball series on ESPN2?

Obviously, it's just a marketing tool, right? They gotta sell their gear, sell their shoes. But they're changing the game. And not for the better.

How?

The game evolves. It changes...everybody knows that. My problem is, *this* evolution is all about the crossover. Basically, the object of the... "And1 Antics", as I like to call it, is *not even* to score against your opponent. It's just to make him look so *bad* on defense, by crossin' him up. So you didn't even score on him, you didn't even take a shot, you didn't do anything for the rest of your team, you just embarrassed this *one* cat. And that's why the crowds go wild. But just because you crossed up your guy and threw the ball up to somebody who's already cuttin' to the hoop – and whose defensive man is *letting* him cut to the hoop – that's not basketball. That's just entertainment.

Pleasing the crowd rather than benefiting your team...

...Part of it, I get. I get havin' nice footwork, havin' a nice handle, that kind of stuff is fundamental, it's important to the game. Sure. But a coach of mine a long time ago told me, "Look, I don't care what tools you wanna use -- you go through your legs, you go behind the back, you can do crossover, stutter-step -- whatever you want, but don't do it just for the sake of doin' it." You gotta think of think of those kinda things as tools, and you use them to get somewhere. But these guys these days, they might have great tools, but they don't get anywhere with 'em. And it is nice, I mean, you watch the big dunks -- these guys can jump outta the gym -- they've got ridiculous talent, or ridiculous athleticism, anyway, and its fun. It's a good time to watch guys get up and watch some of the no-look passes and stuff like that. But to call it basketball is a crime, as far as I'm concerned.

Ever play against guys like that? Show-boating all over the court?

Oh yeah, guys I was playing with today. They were all about the crossover. So the thing is, if you're a real player, pardon the expression, with these guys, all you gotta do is stay off 'em. Let 'em do their little ballet dance, let 'em do their little dippy-do with the ball between their legs, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, and then just give 'em the jumper...

...And then get the rebound...

...That's right. Because they can't shoot. That's the thing. I mean Pistol Pete had all, *all* the shots in his bag, dude. All of them. I've never seen anybody like him. Still. The difference is, he always finished. He always made the bucket. He could be shooting left hand, spin reverse off the far side of the glass! But it went. And that's why he averaged 44, and that's why he's Pistol Pete, and that's why these guys are working for And1.

Is it trying to your patience? Playing against guys like this?

Nah. It's just...scoreboard, that's it. That's all that matters. And don't get me wrong. I'm not getting down on trash-talking. It's definitely part of the game, intimidation is definitely part of the game. But like I say, they're just more tools.

Do you talk a little smack yourself?

Sometimes, you know. This guy today was great, though, I think what he was sayin' was "double digits." Double digits is the rule. You don't get to open your mouth until you're in double digits. And that's the fairest thing. I mean, anybody can talk, and that's fine. But when you can talk, *and* back it up, obviously, that's the best combination.

You've played against some pretty tough customers in some rough neighborhoods. Do you get intimidated?

Yeah, but that's the challenge. I get a thrill walkin' up to a new court. Everybody's lookin' at you, they're measuring you up, they're lookin' at your shoes, they're lookin' at your handle, they're lookin' at your shot. You can't allow yourself to say 'I don't belong out here, these guys are better than me,' because if you do, you're done already.

How do you stay confident on a new court, playing against strangers?

If I'm walkin' into unknown territory, as it were, I'll play doubly aggressive. Every time I touch it, I'll take the shot. I gotta get myself goin' to be able to get the team goin'. And I want everybody out there to know that I came to play. You can't sag off me, you can't cheat up on me, you can't cheat the passing lanes on me. I came to play. So whatever it's gonna be, let's get it goin' right now. First touch, I'm goin' straight to the hole. Hard as I can.

Have you ever walked onto a court and been just thoroughly outclassed?

Oh yeah. A court that I used to play at up in San Ramon was a court that a lot of off-season pros played at. Golden State Warriors, some of the Oakland Raiders would come out, Cal Bears. I had like four runs a weeks there...I started to feel pretty good about myself, runnin' down there during the week, I get to know all the guys, I get some credibility, they know I can shoot, they know I can play. I showed up there on a Saturday morning, in the pro off-season, and it's like going into a big-time training camp. There's two 7-footers, there's two 6'10" swingmen, there's a couple Raiders defensive backs who're as fast as the wind...they're just throwin' up oops, they're not even lookin', they're takin' shots from 43 feet. That's when guys like me gotta step back and go, okay, *he's* a player.

What's your favorite part of the game?

Players know players. Even if you've got a guy who's got all the talent in the world and everything clickin', he'll recognize a good move. If you make a good, crisp pass on a break, you give a good outlet pass off a defensive rebound, something like that, they'll give you a nod. So it doesn't matter that you don't have a 40-inch vertical, that you can't hit eight 3's in a row. Players know players, even those who're much more gifted, if they're worth their weight, they'll recognize good form. That's all that matters: good ball.

Couldn't Have Said It Better Myself...

"I'm really sick of these left-wing, kinda conspiracy-theory people who are like, 'hey, isn't it weird how every time there's bad news for the Bush administration, the Terror Alert goes up, there's over 11 examples of it...' Listen, let me tell you something. It's called coincidence, alright? Look it up. It's a *coincidence* that the Terror Alert *happened* to go up after that French report saying that Bush knew about 9/11, and it *happened* to go up two days after they said there was absolutely no link between Osama and Saddam Hussein, and it *happened* to go up within 36 hours after the Mad Cow disease and the government might be implicit in it, and it *happened* to go up literally the day after the report that Halliburton overcharged by 65 million dollars, and it *happened* to go up when Bush's ratings plummet...it's called *coincidence*, ya fuckin' hippie freak! These fucking guys out there are on their computers compiling cold, hard, irrefutable facts...fuck those assholes! Yeah, I'll see ya at Burning Man, ya hippie."

-from the CD *It's Not Funny*, by David Cross

Got an opinion? Story idea? Comment? Complaint? Suggestion? Wanna contribute?

Get a hold of us, then! Write a letter, send a postcard, or e-mail us at the below addresses. We like mail. And we reply to everything. Believe it or not.

Chunk

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A Thousand Words Photography

Blowing off Steam

(one guy's opinion)

I get teased by my friends when they witness me knocking heads with technology. And I do this often. It could be a DVD player or an automated telemarketing phone call, or a garage door opener. I don't seem to get along too well with much of the computerized gadgetry we're all surrounded by. I'd just as soon go without most of it and manage my affairs old-school style. My friends call me a "technophobe," but this is an erroneous title. I'm not afraid of technology. I resent it.

You see, a long time ago, my mind was hard-wired for straight-forward reasoning, simple task resolution and human interaction. These concepts came together beautifully and I was able to craft them into a lifestyle that, until recently, has worked quite well.

But these seemingly fundamental concepts have fallen out of favor, and have been usurped by the Holy Notion of "convenience." Every last detail of life has been co-opted by computers...for your "convenience." As if this American life isn't convenient enough, now your car can tell you where the nearest waffle house is, a computer can re-route your phone call to a human-simulated voice, and your house can turn on your TV for you. Swell.

Is any of this really necessary? No, it isn't. But since most of the American public is so ga-ga for this sort of "progress," and so bewitched by the idea of everything being made even easier for them, they welcome every new "advancement" with open arms. And blind eyes. This is the wave of the future, I'm afraid, and I'm forced to play by the new rules. And I resent that.

I resent being shunted into the oh-so-magical World Wide Web for every last piece of information I desire. I resent that all my personal information is now floating around in the ether, available to any junior high-level hacker with a keyboard and a morality deficit. How "convenient" is it to have to deal with the fallout of somebody electronically swiping your credit card numbers and running roughshod over your bank account? And what about something more serious? I'll bet the identity thieves out there who are completely ruining people's lives are grateful for all this "convenience."

I resent not being able to speak to a human being on the telephone because companies would rather program a computer than pay a live human being. I wonder how "convenient" that seems to the people dumped from their jobs because the company wants to save a few bucks. And how "convenient" is it for you to have to sit on the phone for 20 minutes, wading through the catch-all phone menu, hoping for your particular concern to be highlighted?

I resent that cars these days are so "advanced" that you can't even repair them yourself. Hell, a *mechanic* can't even tell you what's wrong with your car! No, for that, you'll have to make an appointment with the computer diagnostic guy! Ask yourself: just how "convenient" is that?

I resent that I have to change my life and the way I do things to fit in with an increasingly disenfranchised Computer Generation just to get by. I am being coerced into re-working the ways and means of MY life to adjust to people I'd rather have nothing to do with. These are people who are either ill-fitted for real, human interaction or who actually prefer the company of machines to that of their human brethren. And I have to buddy up with this crowd. All in the name of "convenience." Great.

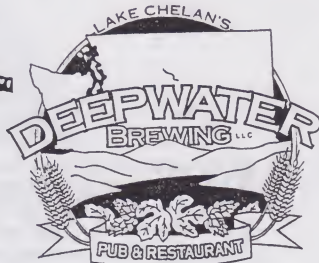
Since I am surrounded on all sides by: a) profit-crazed mega corporations; b) "convenience"-obsessed freaks; or, c) the socially retarded who are so fearful of human interaction they adopt their PC as their one and only bestest friend, I have to change. I don't get to make the decision of how (or if) I deal with human beings. No, that decision has been made for me, by the masses. The socially inept, profit-, and "convenience"-obsessed masses. Thanks a lot.

So if you hear me out there talking smack about technology, keep in mind, it's not because I'm afraid of it. It's because I'm pissed that I'm being forced to adapt to a disenfranchised way of life that I believe is unhealthy, unsafe, unnatural and unnecessary.

-Jason R. Olcott



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Lad Mags – Laid Bare!

By Steven Clark

If you're like me and find most of your dinners on the frankfurter log-roll jamboree at 7-11 or one of its grimy cousins, you've been confronted with the magazine stand just inside the door. And if you've ever seen Drew Barrymore in panties, that's as far as you're going to get until the NO LOITERING coughs from behind the counter become deafening.

Men's magazines, another stop on the escape elevator of our lives, are engineered for spontaneous consumption. Resist while you can, but eventually the forbidden love you nurse for that obscure starlet on "American Bachelorette" or hottie #4 from *American Pie* is going to show up on a cover in spiked heels and a teddy and that wallet won't get out of your jeans fast enough.

If a crisis does come with the decision to buy, it's usually the dreaded Cover Girl Deadlock; do you take seasoned sexpot Demi Moore or dairy-fresh Katie Holmes in a booze-induced fog? Or are you a fella who must wring every dime from a purchase and so plod through every page, regardless of relevance or desire? Who will you wake up to on the morning after? And how heavy a literary burden are you willing to bear?

The magazine's writing may be the tie-breaker. After all, the decision to dedicate two hours of your life to reading is not to be taken lightly. But fear not, lads. The publisher of THIS fine magazine has tasked me to deliver to you a buyer's guide. So without further ado...

Esquire

One of the original men's magazines, *Esquire* has been doing its thing since the New Deal. There is an economical feel to it, both in size and scope. *Esquire* tends toward personal essays, profiles, legit reviews and a dry sense of humor. It's pokey and nostalgic and lingers on subjects in a way that feels both respectful and agreeable to reader and subject alike. **Bottom line:** 12 issues for a tenner is a steal.

Month Reviewed: June '03 Pages: 136 Ads: 34% Annual Subscription: \$10

- Cover Girl.....Carrie Anne Moss
- Why You'd Buy This Mag.....Carrie Anne, finally out of that *Matrix* gear that made her look like a tampon in electrical tape.
- Why You Might Regret It.....Reading David Sedaris may leave you conflicted.
- The Fashion Spin.....\$600 cargo shorts. No more slumming it at A & F!
- The Hollywood Take.....Oliver Stone is becoming deeply embarrassing.
- The Big Music News Is.....Ed Harcourt's dark acoustical ruminating might be the biscuits and gravy for your excruciating White Stripes/Strokes hangover.
- The Cool Toy.....The Nissan 350 Z – a poor man's Porsche Boxer or just more cheap nostalgia for affluent boomers?
- The Characteristic Article.....Ron Reagan's graceful essay about hid dad, the Gip, at a crucial point in a father-son relationship. You almost feel the Teflon President could be your pop. Only your old man wouldn't be with Nancy.
- If This Mag Was a Movie.....*To Kill A Mockingbird*
- If This Mag Was an Icon In Seattle, it'd be.....A sunrise view of Mt. Rainier
- If This Mag Was an Address In Manhattan, it'd Be.....On the Upper East Side, a stone's throw from the Guggenheim.
- If This Mag Was a Guy at a Party, He'd Be.....That older dude, drinking scotch, laughing at your jokes in a way that makes you feel dumb.

Maxim

The 800-pound gorilla of men's magazines. *Maxim* sells almost twice as many issues a month as *GQ* and *Esquire* put together. The formula is: the most girls in the least amount of clothing. The photos of the ladies may not be top notch, but they're hardly bad. There is also a potpourri of sidebars, news snippets and lists that leave you wondering whether the entire magazine wasn't created by a couple of editors over morning coffee. **Bottom Line:** There are more pretty girls here than in any comparable magazine. And sometimes your apartment is a cold, lonely place.

Month Reviewed: June '03 Pages: 206 Ads: 43% Annual Subscription: \$15

- Cover Girl.....Shania Twain
- Why You'd Buy This Mag.....Not many other "musicians" look this good in a lace bra.
- Why You Might Regret It.....You thought the pants, diamond-encrusted crucifix and the huge wedding ring were coming off Mrs. Mutt in the photo spread.
- The Fashion Spin.....Buy those shoes designed by Jay-Z and those boxers designed by P. Diddy and go tell everyone you know. Except 50 Cent.
- The Hollywood Take.....Q & A with Harrison Ford, shilling for "Hollywood Homicide," which should've gone straight to video.
- The Big Music News Is.....AC/DC axe-man Angus Young shares anecdotes about life on tour and that other IT band, Deep Purple.
- The Cool Toy.....That neat-o phone from The *Matrix* movies! You can't buy it but you can win it - if you're willing to jack into that soulless void where creativity is an illusion and concepts like quality and integrity provoke only mirthless laughter: *Maxim's* website.
- The Characteristic Article.....The 25 lamest superheroes ever. And #1 is...wait for it...The Boy Wonder: Gary. No, no, no, I mean Robin.
- If This Mag Was a Movie.....The TBS version of *9 1/2 Weeks*.
- If This Mag Was an Icon in Seattle, it'd be.....Aurora Ave. North
- If This Mag Was an Address in Manhattan, it'd Be.....TGI Fridays
- If This Mag Was a Guy at a Party, He'd Be.....Drunk on a box of Merlot, telling your wife she has pretty eyes.

FHM

This one uses the *Maxim* formula of lots of pictures of pretty girls and a smattering of lists, goofy photos and endless sidebars. Unfortunately, that formula here has mutated into the journalistic equivalent of some Robin Cook virus from darkest Africa. **Bottom Line:** If shots of the cover girl are worth slogging through the mediocrity, throw down. Otherwise, it might be more enjoyable to buy *Men's Health* and obsess about your love handles.

Month Reviewed: June '03 Pages: 168 Ads: 40% Annual Subscription: \$10

- Cover Girl.....Alyson Hannigan
- Why You'd Buy This Mag.....Have you seen the whole lesbian Wicca thing she does on *Buffy*?
- Why You Might Regret It.....What are the odds of getting the only photographer on the planet who can make Alyson Hannigan look bad?
- The Fashion Spin.....The backpack review lets a true pimp show off in Geology lab.
- The Hollywood Spin.....Q & A with the always topical Jack Lallane.
- The Big Music News Is.....Record industry stooge Lars Ulrich demurs when asked if he gets "bad swamp ass" after a show.
- The Cool Toy.....The bright yellow Mitsubishi Evo featured on *2Fast2Furious*. "Will elicit more drool than any leading lady." And who wouldn't drool at you in your little aerodynamic lemon, with the clear-ance of a skateboard, sounding like a big aluminum bumblebee?
- The Characteristic Article.....She-males who bench 300+
- If This Mag Was a Movie.....*Gleaming the Cube*
- If This Mag Was an Icon in Seattle, it'd be.....Bell Square
- If This Mag Was an Address in Manhattan it'd Be.....Whatever it was dreaming of as it fell off to sleep on the couch at its brother's place in Hoboken.
- If This Mag Was a Guy at a Party, He'd Be.....Turned away at the door.

Details

A sibling of *GQ* (Conde Naste owns them both), *Details* feels like the union of its older, wiser brother and that bitch *Vanity Fair*. There are investigative and service pieces, but the emphasis is a hip, urban take on Hollywood, fashion, music and consumer cool. The writing is good and the photography stylish. **Bottom Line:** Yeah, it's cool but if you're hankering for the Euro-mag edge, get on down to Steve's Broadway News and buy the real thing.

Month Reviewed: May '03 Pages: 156 Ads: 41% Annual Subscription: \$8

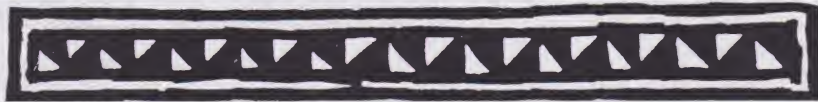
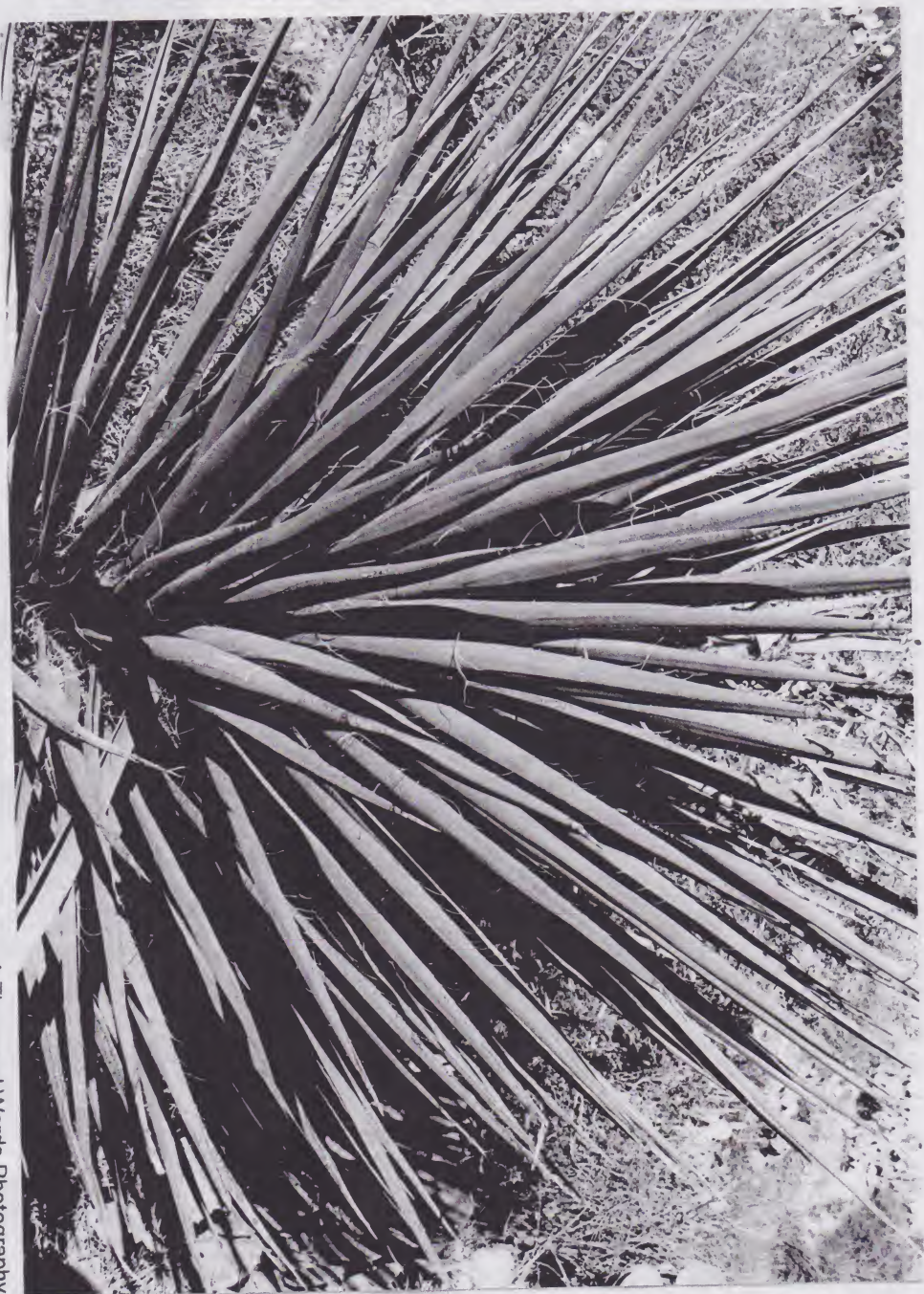
- Cover Girl.....Ewan McGregor (?)
- Why You'd Buy This Mag.....A naïve hope that Obi-Wan would break the news there would be no more shitty *Star Wars* prequels.
- Why You Might Regret It.....Female pictorials confined to Rachel Weisz doing bored junkie-chic and a fashion piece on a gloomy beach with some young girl in a bikini looking like she's going to cry.
- The Fashion Spin.....Another *Matrix* tie-in, apparently inspired by Neo's Kung Fu Cardinal gown.
- The Hollywood Take.....There's reputedly a list floating around Tinseltown of the actors with the biggest members. The author is unknown, but the smart money's on Mary Hart or Tom Cruise.
- The Big Music News Is.....Pete Dinklage is not dating anyone and your correspondent was bitterly disappointed that the shelf life of Wynonna Ryder jokes has expired.
- The Cool Toy.....The Aprilla! A mountain bike with a cute little engine stuck on it. "The electric bike that promises to make urban cycling cool." Until that day you get lost on Harbor Island and the longshoremen catch you and beat you to death with your own pussy bike.
- The Characteristic Article.....The Gotterdammerung of moving to the 'burbs.
- If This Mag Was a Movie.....*The Italian Job* (the one with Marky Mark)
- If This Mag Was an Icon in Seattle, it'd be.....Experience Music Project
- If This Mag Was a Guy at a Party, He'd Be.....Not there. He's down the street at the Geffen Records release party, doing coke with Beck.

GQ

Another of the Old School Men's Mags, *GQ*'s focus is inventive journalism, personal essays and fashion. Among those pages upon pages of fashion, you'll find some great writers. *GQ* has a pervasive, self-deprecating humor that plays as a nice foil to the magazine's tacit snobbery. **Bottom Line:** It's worth three bucks to see some sexy girls, often with a lot to say, and get some fine writing to boot.

Month Reviewed: June '03 Pages: 260 Ads: 50% Annual Subscription: \$18

- Cover Girl.....Eva Mendes
- Why You'd Buy This Mag.....The girls, and to make you realize there's more to the universe than just Planet Gap.
- Why You Might Regret It.....Finding an article requires thumbing through dozens of pictures Of Armani-clad men with come-hither stares.
- The Fashion Spin.....Inspires a new vision of you dispensing with plodding around the data center in your tired-ass chinos. Instead, well-attired in classy tailored jacket and wool trousers, escorting your elegant girl to the opera...uh-oh, the Frodo server crashed. Looks like you're staying late again.
- The Hollywood Take.....Eva Mendes claiming she likes "to be owned" by the right man. Some words ARE better than pictures.
- The Big Music News Is.....Hip-hop is dead! 50 Cent busted a cap in its dome.
- The Cool Toy.....A Burberry Messenger bag. Yeah, a \$895 bag is just what every exhaust-eating, cab-dodging messenger needs for bombing around skyscrapers for a living.
- If This Mag Was an Icon in Seattle, it'd be.....Nordstrom
- If This Mag Was an Address In Manhattan, it'd be.....A shiny office tower in midtown, full of thoughtful entertainment lawyers.
- If This Mag Was a Guy at a Party, He'd Be.....Dressed to the nines, saying words like "sartorial," making jokes about his drinking problem.



A Thousand Words Photography

GG Allin Speaks... From the Grave!

A (large) handful of years back when I was doing a zine called *Blitzkrieg*, the underground was blowing up. Metal ruled the world and there was an excitement in the air. This was just before everyone became slaves to their internet connection, so correspondence was more hands-on. Bands mailed us their demos, labels sent us CD's and promo trinkets, zine trading was at an all-time high, and people actually put pen to paper and wrote letters. And we always wrote back.

One of the people who wrote us was GG Allin. I don't know how he got our address, but he was one hell of a pen pal. He wanted us to interview him for the zine, and was pissed that we didn't. But that didn't stop him from writing to us. He sent us poems, drawings, tapes, photos, info on his legal troubles (he was in prison when we began our correspondence). And he always wrote back.

Of course, he's dead now. He didn't go out in a fiery blast like he'd always promised, but OD'd instead. I was never a big fan of his music, but his career of infamy was perversely interesting to me. Check out the documentary *Hated* and see if it doesn't raise your eyebrows.

Our paths crossed only briefly, via the mail routes of the US Postal Service, so I'm no scholar on the troubled life and times of Mr. Allin. But digging through the archives one day, I found the GG File and was reminded of his chaotic weirdness and his lust for all things illegal and immoral. Here's a little taste.

-The Editor

GG ALLIN
206045

UNCOOL - UNCLEAN - UNACCEPTABLE

GG ALLIN 90
SOME PEOPLE SAY HE DOESN'T
BELONG IN OUR SOCIETY

ENIGMA

Self-portrait (pencil lead on construction paper) by GG Allin

10. Left Little Finger

9. Left Ring Finger

8. Left Middle Finger

7. Left Fore Finger

6. Left Thumb

Replying to our first letter from GG Allin, I sent him a letter asking, simply, who are you and what do you do? This is the letter we got.

JASON

WHO AM I YOU ASK. I AM THE COMMANDING LEADER OF THE UNDERGROUND OF ROCK N ROLL. I HAVE SPILLED MORE FUCKING BLOOD ON AMERICAN HIGHWAYS THEN ANYBODY POSSIBLY COULD IN A HUNDRED LIFETIMES. THE REASON PEOPLE STILL HAVE TO ASK WHO I AM. AFTER 12 YEARS. IS BECAUSE I HAVE NEVER BEEN EXCEPTED BECAUSE OF MY EXTREME LIFESTYLE. IN T.O.F. SHOWS WHICH IS ONE AND THE SAME AND I REFUSE TO KISS ANYONE'S ASS. MY SHOWS ARE THERAPUTIC WARS OF REALITY, MY MIND RACING LIKE A MACHINE GUN THROUGH MY BODY AND MY AUDIENCE IS MY TARGET. HOSPITALS AND JAILS ARE PART OF GG ALLIN. MY STAGE IS A BATTLEFIELD AND REAL BLOOD IS SPILLED. PEOPLE DO NOT WANT TO ACCEPT WHO I AM. BUT I AM ME AND IT'S TOO FUCKING BAD. I AM THE LIVING BREATHING, DEATH DEFYING TERRORIST OF XTR, THAT IS WHY IM IN PRISON TODAY, IT IS MY WAR. THE AUDIENCE IS THE ENEMY. WHAT HAVE I DONE?

I HAVE DESTROYED ALL THE CLUBS. I EVER HATED AND FUCKED OVER ALL WHO GOT IN MY WAY. I HAVE BEEN BANNED FROM EVERY CLUB I HAVE EVER PLAYED IF IT'S ILLEGAL. YUH DOWN IT AND THATS A FACT. NO PHONY BULLSHIT LIKE A LOT OF OTHER BANDS PORTALS. I'VE PUT OUT OVER 30 RECORDS, LP'S, CO'S, 45'S, EP'S, ETC. I DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT POPULARITY. I REMAIN UNCOOL, UNCLEAR & UNACCEPTABLE. THATS WHY YOU ONLY READ WHAT YOU SEE. PEOPLE DO NOT WANT TO BELIVE I EXIST. AND I DO. IM THE KNIFE IN RTR'S BACK. I AM THE UNDERGROUND. DOES THAT ANSWER A FEW OF YOUR QUESTIONS. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE, SEND THE QUESTIONS FOR BLITZKRIEG MAG. BECAUSE MY FIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN.

LATER

GG ALLIN-206045
LOCK-D-4
PO BOX 1900
ADRIAN, MI 49221

GG ALLIN
206045



After not getting back to him in what he considered a timely fashion, we got this letter.

JASON
 what to fuck's goal is. ARE
 WE ON OR WHAT YOU COULD AT
 FUCKIN' LAST GET BACK TO ME ON
 IT OR SEND ME AN ISSUE TO
 CHECK IT. I FILED MY LAWSUIT
 AGAINST THE STATE AND AM
 GOING TO A HUNGER STRIKE
 OCT. 1 IF THE 6 MONTH FLIP
 IS NOT LIFTED. SO THE
 BATTLE IS COMING TO A
 HEAD ON COLLISION

GG ALLIN
 206045

ALLIN, KEVIN

Date 1/10/90

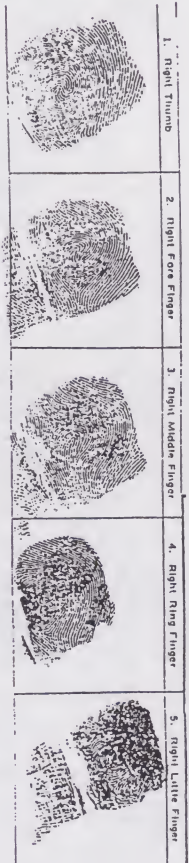
GG ALLIN



F
P
C

R =
E onact:
F

AUTHORITY: MCL 791.206
 COMPLETE: Voluntary
 ANALYT: None



Signature: Kevin M. Allin
 206045

RECOMMENDATIONS: This clinician concurs with the recommendations that have been made by the Corrections Program Coordinator. Those recommendations include vocational counseling, a routine work assignment, and participation in the drug/alcohol rehab program. Additionally, I am recommending that Mr. Allin participate in sex offender group psychotherapy (ST). This resident appears to have made adequate psychological adjustment to the confines of the institutional environment. The prognosis for successful societal reintegration is viewed as optimistically guarded.

Poetry from an incarcerated "living, breathing, death-defying rock n' roll terrorist," GG Allin (inmate #206045, Adrian, MI Prison Facility)

LICE INFECTED TENEMENTS IN SKULLS HEAD GROWING
AS DEFORMED PATCHES OF MY MIND SPIN SIMULTANEOUSLY
DISTANT WHARF RATS GATHER FOR GUTTERS FEAST
ABLAZE MACHINE GUN SPRAY FROM CITIES UNDER SEIZE
DRIED BLOOD PAINTED RIVERS FLOW SWEETLY
LOOK UP TO US WHEN SPEAKING
MY FRIEND BLACK SHADOW AND I
WE DETEST WHAT YOU SAY AND REPRESENT
IM EQUIPPED WITH EXCESSIVE TOOLS OF MY TRADE
TORTURE IS ART, PAIN IS LIFE
DONT STRADDLE THE FENCE OF MEDIOCRITY
KILL WITH A QUICKNESS WHEN BETRAYED
LOVE AND DEATH ARE EQUIL GESTURES OF PASSION
AS MY GUN SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS
SEVERE THE TIES OF DOUBT AND CONTRADICTION
CONDEMNED, DECOMPOSED DYING SCENT OF GLORY
BUT DO YOU REMEMBER ME?
AS NORMAL AS THE BOY NEXT DOOR
BUT MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE ASKED ABOUT THE BOY
FERCE INTENSE TRIGGERS NOW LIE AWAITING
AS A MASSACRE IS COMING TO YOUR TOWN
Rocker's venture 'over the edge
earns disorderly conduct charge

By DAVID DOEGE
Continued from page 1

For 75 minutes Wednesday, shock rocker Kevin M. (G.G.) Allin explained to three curious listeners in the district attorney's office how slinging up his body with glass, exposing himself in a crowd and defecating on a stage was an art form.

With grubs on his forehead, hie marks on his arms and chips in his teeth, Allin shook his head in disbelief and said he couldn't understand why police arrested him.

"I acted out my feelings, nothing more, nothing less," Allin said. "I'm just showing me people really is there. It's there on my stage."

An assistant district attorney didn't buy Allin's explanation and rebuffed him with a disorderly conduct for the wild show that he put on Tuesday night at the Odd Rock Cafe.

Ten feet away, in a conference room across the hall, two veteran homicide detectives were dealing with the 25-year-old reality, trying to make it clear to a murder.

"It's thick," one of the detectives said, noting his head in Allin's direction. "I can't see you, you're a center. A man, a nut, stick his head in a hole's mouth and people thought he was a nut."

"That's that guy in there, he's a b****er."

Allin, 32, of Midollian, Ill., was arrested about 11 p.m. Tuesday at the rock nightclub at 2010 S. Kinross Avenue after a performance with his band, The Toilet Rockers.

Allin, who has performed throughout the nation and recorded 12 albums, proudly says he aims to shock and disgust his crowds.

Police were sent to the club Tues-

"If people are going to come to our shows, they've got to have a strong mind and stomach."

— KEVIN M. (G.G.) ALLIN

day after someone felt Allin crossed the line from entertainment into lewdness.

John M. Baker, the attorney for club owner John C. Koshick, said Koshick had no idea Allin was going to perform the acts that sent many audience members running for the exits.

"If he would, he never would have booked him," Baker said.

Koshick was facing trouble at his own Wednesday.

He was cited for alcoholic violation, the state's liquor laws by not maintaining a book listing customers who were allowed to consume alcohol after their age had been questioned.

During Wednesday's review of the raid in a small conference room, an assistant district attorney, wearing a neatly pressed white shirt and tie, sat back with his arms folded.

A police sergeant, wearing a clean blue uniform and black boots, stood at the door.

Allin, with long stringy brown hair, a black Keith Richards T-shirt and dirty black jeans, explained that his arrest was a mistake.

"It's theater," Allin said, resting his heavily tattooed arms on a desk

that separated him from the prosecutor.

Allin said the scars on his forehead were from beating himself with the microphone.

The bite marks on his arms were his own doing, he said.

The bruises on his face were from beating himself while the audience of about 50 looked on.

"If people are going to come to our shows, they've got to have a strong mind and stomach," Allin said, a hint of an East Coast accent in his voice showing his New Hampshire roots. "If people are sensitive, they'll take one look at me and leave."

"I'm sure most people hate me."

Allin said his second performance Tuesday night might have gotten off on the wrong note and disappointed some in the audience. He was forced to take the stage alone initially and retire early.

"I got up on the stage when my band was up the street drinking," he explained.

As the performance progressed, however, he played some of his music, then generally allowed and expected himself.

"I've done it before, but I don't do it at every show," Allin said. "I don't want to be predictable."

The prosecutor looked straight at Allin as he finished his explanation. The sergeant stood in the doorway, unmoved.

"Sometimes I go out," Allin said loudly. "I go on the stage."



MICHAEL SEARIS / Sentinel photo agency

Tattoos mark the arm of performer Kevin M. (G.G.) Allin, 32, of Midollian, Ill., who was in the district attorney's office Wednesday to review a case relating to his Tuesday performance at the Odd Rock Cafe. He was charged with disorderly conduct.



Chunk

13 The BIG Thirteen

By Troy Nesvacil

This time for The Big Thirteen, we take a look at the ultimate Canadian power trio. Rush. (Sorry, Triumph, Exciter and Raven) Let me start by saying that trying to cull *only* thirteen songs from Rush's huge canon of works is no mean feat. Obviously, there will be many great songs that fail to appear on the list, or even the Honorable Mention collection.

It is a noble endeavour nonetheless. Let's not forget, hardcore Rushies, these are only opinions, so please, no anthrax-laced letters to the editor. Oh, also, these are in no particular order.

With that said, I hope this list inspires you to revisit, or get acquainted with, one of the best hard rock bands to grace this earth. Whatever you think of this band, there is no question that each member of Rush is a complete virtuoso on his instrument(s). Neil, Alex, Geddy, *this* Moosehead is for you.

Remember, "all this machinery making modern music can still be open-hearted, not so coldly charted." And folks, "it's really just a question of your honesty."



1. **Spirit Of Radio** from *Permanent Waves* 1980

This classic has poignant lyrics, melodic hard rocking, and hey, a raggae breakdown to boot.

2. **Red Barchetta** from *Moving Pictures* 1981

The science fiction storyline is worth the price of admission alone, and the musical confines in which it is placed just straight kick ass. This could be the most prominent gem in the crown that is *Moving Pictures*.

3. **YYZ** from *Exit...Stage Left* 1981

I'm choosing the live version of this song. The incredible bass lines and the mind-blowing drum solo make this instrumental a talent showcase. This captures Rush at their best: jamming out.

4. **Closer to the Heart** from *A Farewell to Kings* 1977

The People Have Spoken! A perennial concert fan-favorite makes the list!

5. **Something For Nothing** from *2112* 1976

This catchy hard rocker will stick in your head for hours...check that...days. Play this song with caution. On second thought, throw yourself at this song with reckless abandon.

6. **Subdivisions** from *Signals* 1982

This is track one on the follow-up to *Moving Pictures*. It does not disappoint. This has insightful, relevant lyrics to my age in 1982, but is still a strong and powerful song for today.

7. **Driven** from *Test For Echo* 1996

A statement to those who thought the hard rocking glory days ended after *Signals*. This driving (no pun intended) song pulls no punches; this is Rush keeping on keeping on.

8. **Freewill** from *Permanent Waves* 1980

Accessible, melodic and philosophical (!) radio rock. And, oh yeah, you can see the panties of the girl on the record sleeve.



9. **2112** from *2112* 1976

A futuristic rock opera. This is a 20+ minute-long song in seven parts. Part II, "The Temples if Syrinx," makes me wanna thrash around the room. The whole song is a great balance of heavy, progressive rock with art, with many moods and textures. The lyrics are based on Ayn Rand's novel *Anthem*.

10. **Xanadu** from *A Farewell to Kings* 1977

An epic, moody piece of art-rock that follows Samuel Taylor Coleridge's opiate-inspired classic poem *Kubla Khan*. My love of this poem might be of some influence, but this is definitely an inspired craft in its own right.

11. **Fly By Night** from *Fly By Night* 1975

I love the raw, heavy sound of this song. It's catchy, rocking and melodic, with soaring vocals. The first time I heard this in my older brother's bedroom, I was hooked.

12. **Tom Sawyer** from *Moving Pictures* 1981

This song oozes coolness, attitude, rebellion and power. All in the first few notes. You can't not pay attention when this song comes on. It also has some of the coolest synthesizer sounds ever put on a rock record. A tour-de-force.

13. **Cygnus X-1 Book II/Hemispheres** from *Hemispheres* 1978

Okay. This is the second part of a song that ends the *A Farewell to Kings* record. I chose "Book II" over "Book I" because it is musically superior and lyrically more developed. In a nutshell, there is a war in the heavens between Apollo, the Bringer of Wisdom, and Dionysus, the Bringer of Love. The war splinters the inhabitants of Earth into different camps, or hemispheres.

A guy travels in his spaceship, the Rocinante, through the black hole Cygnus X-1 and arrives at Olympus, the City of Immortals. There, he ends the war and shames the gods by introducing the idea of a balance between reason and love. The gods name him Cygnus, the God of Balance. Heart and mind are united in a perfect sphere.

Honorable Mention: **The Trees** from *Hemispheres* (1978), **Distant Early Warning** and **New World Man** from *Grace Under Pressure* (1984), **Limelight** from *Moving Pictures* (1981), **One Little Victory** from *Vapor Trails* (2002), **Working Man** from *Rush* (1974), **Manhattan Project** from *Power Windows* (1985), **La Villa Strangiato** from *Hemispheres* (1978), **Time Stand Still** from *Hold Your Fire* (1987), **Cold Fire** from *Counterparts* (1993), **By-Tor and the Snow-Dog** from *Fly By Night* (1975), **Bastille Day** from *Caress of Steel* (1975).

Q & A

with... **THE OSWALD EFFECT**



Interview subject: Graham Satterlee, guitarist

Band: The Oswald Effect

Line-Up: Satterlee, guitarist Aaron Walters, vocalist Heath Bower, drummer Casey Brookbush, bassist Jonny Oswald

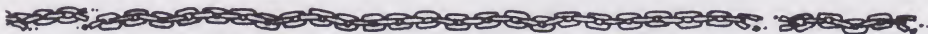
Album: *Battle Hymns of the Fifth Column*

Huh?: Satterlee: "I'm not gonna try to come off like I know the origin of the phrase, but the way it's been described to me is, in war, there are four 'columns' of troops. And then there's this other column, who actually cultivate a real sympathy for the enemy."

Style: A punishing blend of raw rock and angry punk grit. Pounding from all angles. Satterlee: "Hard and melodious. It's close to punk rock, but not quite."

Produced By: Joe Reineke from Alien Crime Syndicate. Satterlee: "He saw us play at the Central and said he wanted to produce a record for us. So we met him in the studio that same weekend; very spur-of-the-moment type thing. Five days of actual recording; we ripped right through it, got in and got out. Joe did all the engineering, mixing and producing."

Release: July '04



What was the most memorable car wreck you've ever been in?

I was on a school bus. On my way to Centennial Middle School, about 7:30 in the morning. Pickup truck pulls out of a bar and right into the side of our bus. We all had to go to the hospital and get all checked out. Got to school at lunch time. Found out about five years later that some of those kids got money from that. I swore I hurt my back, but nobody was listening to me.

Give us a story about getting arrested.

Oh. Yeah. I'm in Edmonds, coming out of Rory's, great little pub there. Okay, so I was drunk. Cop pulls up as I'm peeing in the bushes, asks me for my ID. Apparently, I had a warrant. So I got arrested for peeing in the bushes. Nice. But as far as hardened criminal activities, no.

What was the worst job you've ever had?

Washing dishes at Marie Callender's. My first job. Being a guy who loves pot pies, it was torture. Very stingy with their pot pies. And scraping those dishes was a nightmare. A lot of brillo pad usage.

Tell us about the last *fistfight* you were in.

You're gonna make me tell this story. I'm at a bar, Ingalls, playing a game of doubles with my buddy Kevin Cooper. I'm up at the bar trying to get a beer, and he goes to take my shot. Apparently, our opponents didn't agree with him on that. So I look over and two dudes are holding him back, and one's punching him in the stomach. We found out later that these guys were boxers and just do shit like that for fun. Anyway, we're outnumbered four-two, and I have a pool cue in my hand, and...this is how much into fighting I am, I go ahead and drop the pool cue where I'm standing and run in fists blazing. I should've just held onto the stick and started beating people with it. But, yeah, we got our asses kicked. Did a little hospital time for that.

Ever had a *psychedelic* experience, good or bad?

I'm on Whidbey Island, Labor Day weekend, it was the first time I'd ever eaten mushrooms. Me and my buddy JP are walking along the beach just *completely* fuckin' ripped on mushrooms, and this dude just appears in front of us out of nowhere. Crazy old guy living in a Volkswagen van outside of his ex-old lady's house or something, wanted a cigarette. Well, at the time I was smoking menthols and I didn't realize that you have to warn people who bum smokes off you that you're handing them a menthol. So he lit it up, started spitting and hacking and proceeded to ostracize me for not giving him a warning. Really going off. Trip. You don't really want to be around aggro people when you're all peaceful and happy and 'ooh look at the pretty lights.'



guitarists Satterlee & Walters

What's your favorite part of *Thanksgiving* dinner?

[nods, smiles] Mashed potatoes and gravy.

What was your first favorite album?

Abbey Road was probably the first album I really got into, start to finish. It was at my Dad's prompting, because I was grounded for a month. Spent a lot of time in my room with a set of headphones. The first record I ever bought was Motley Crue's *Girls, Girls, Girls*. I really dug the first half of that record for a long time. I don't even think I ever listened to side two, just kept rewinding side one over and over.

What's *wrong* with the world today?

A whole lot of shit. Unnecessary violence, gangs...hip hop music. Nelly. Nelly is what's wrong with the world today.

Fact or fiction: Sasquatch.

That's just really overrated. What if there is a Sasquatch? Leave the poor thing alone, already. He's just livin'. What? Is he getting into your garbage can? Is he stealing your daughters at night? Is he kidnapping kids?

Loch Ness Monster.

Bullshit. Completely contrived. That's a bad Scooby Doo episode.



Vocalist Heath Bower

Photos by Jason Olcott

Have you ever seen a UFO?

I swear I have. At my grandma's house in Chatteroy. One of the strangest things I've ever seen. This...*thing* floating in the sky. Wasn't really going anywhere, wasn't moving...just there. Really lit up, no noise...I believe, man.

What's more ridiculous? Current rap or 80's hair metal?

That's a tough one. I'd have to say it's pretty even. Obviously there's some cool hair metal and some cool rap, but the ridiculous stuff is just *everywhere*. The whole bling thing is so lame. 80's hair metal dudes were just trying to have a good time. Unless you're talking about Whitesnake. Having the girlfriend dance on the hoods of a couple of Jaguars, I guess that's kinda bling-blingy, 'look at my hot-ass bitch and my rides.'

What is in more dire need of being stopped, lest it ruin our nation's children? Rampant drug use, easy availability of inexpensive firearms, or Creed?
Creed. Fuck Scott Stapp, and print that. That whole holier-than-thou thing...I'd rather have a 14 year-old dabble in a little bit of cocaine here and there than listen to a Creed record, but that's just me.

What's dominating your stereo right now?

The new Modest Mouse record. That thing is amazing. Ryan Adams' *Heartbreaker*, Elliot Smith, and I found *Heavy Petting Zoo* by NOFX the other day, and I've been delving into that pretty hard too.

And lastly, where the devil are those Weapons of Mass Destruction?
They're hiding out with the Loch Ness Monster someplace.

Proud of his Store

**Local businessman Stan Holmes runs a clean, friendly store.
That sells porn.**



I first saw Stan on TV. In his low-budget ad, he was wearing full Scottish regalia, standing in the middle of his store, talking about how his place had the right equipment to get the job done. He had an armload of his stock in trade, pornography, and he said he was proud of his heritage and proud of his store.

But what stuck with me wasn't the massive shelves of videos and DVD's. It wasn't the lubes, the oils or the love dolls, either. It was his big ole smile. He was standing there, surrounded by leather harness swings, French ticklers and massive rubber weenies, and he was beaming. He had a bright face and he looked, well, happy.

He doesn't seem like your typical porno peddler; no shifty eyes and sweaty brow. When you walk into his store, you don't walk into a dark, seedy place where people hide their faces. Stan's Adult Superstore is a clean, tidy, well-lit store that you might mistake for a big bookstore. It's certainly well-stocked. He's got artsy coffee table photo books, vintage girlie magazines (in protective plastic covers) and cutesy novelty items as well as all the hardcore stuff that you'd expect to be in a New Millennium porn store.

And after talking to him, I know that Stan comes off pretty much like his ads suggest. The way he sees it, he's just a normal guy providing a service that he feels is valuable and important, and he's happy to be providing it.

Chunk: How long have you been doing this?

We've been in business for over 20 years.

What got you started in this particular...

Oh, porn? Let's see. I used to work at the navy base. I ran the floral shop there, and they were surprised we turned a profit. We used to run the beer truck there, and a bunch of other stuff, too. I had a buddy who worked downtown, he managed Hollywood Enterprises; it was a peep-show. So I used to fill in on weekends there, then they needed a full-time helper, and I was actually making more at the adult theater than I was at Sand Point. We were working there for about 3 or 4 years and the boss was having some financial difficulties, he wasn't paying his taxes, so we knew things weren't going to last. So we decided to pool our money together and open up our own shop.

We opened up and called it the Love Palace, which is what his wife wanted to call it. I was against it, because when you take credit cards, that shows up on people's statements. A lot of people don't want 'Love Palace' on their statement. That's why it's now called Stan's. If figure if anybody's got a problem, at least they know where to get me.

How's business?

It's pretty steady. It's improving a little, but I consider that I've recently buckled down quite a bit, got things under control, everything is totally re-vamped, I'm paying real close attention to what my customers are looking for. And I'm real careful on my mark-up on the novelty supplies.

What's your niche? What do you offer that people can't get anywhere else?

My charming personality! [laughs] There's so many adult shops now, all you can do is offer the best prices you can afford, and good service. You take care of people, and treat people fairly.

Did you get any adverse reaction from the neighborhood when you were setting up shop?

No, actually it was very positive. A lot of people liked having a porn shop close by, they got tired of going to high-priced shops downtown, and they like the way they're not bothered when they come in here to shop; you notice I don't follow people around. People browse, take their time and things sell themselves.

I would expect religious groups picketing, or whatever...

No, not when we opened. I only had that later. After 9/11, then we got these guys in black T-shirts, black sweatshirts with "Jesus - Tougher Than Hell" printed on the back. They were here for almost a year. They'd stand in front of the store and call people "baby raper" when they came in the store. And then that Christmas, they were all lined up in front of the whole store, arm in arm, with a little opening for the door. On Christmas Eve, we closed at six, I was getting ready to go home and have dinner with my family. I walk out and go "you guys are still here? I mean, you're supposed to be Christians, aren't you having a dinner for the homeless or something?" They said they were happy that they cut down our business. I said "no, people don't shop here for Christmas. People don't get love dolls and crap for Christmas, what are you thinking?"

Did you just try to ignore them, standing outside your business everyday?

No. Actually, they used to yell "Jesus! Jesus!" So I installed two speakers outside under the door, I also have two speakers up on the awning. So I would put it up to a nice, comfortable level and told them "if you're louder than this speaker, you're disturbing the peace and I'll have to call the cops." And they bought it. Hook, line and sinker.

Militant, picketing Jesus freaks. That's scary...

Most of 'em were ex-alcoholics and drug addicts, and I told them "if you would've whacked off instead of doing a bunch of drugs, you wouldn't have a problem. Your brain would be intact." Masturbation is good for you. Alcohol is not good for you. Drugs are not good for you. But an occasional whack-off does you a world of good.

What happened to those guys? Did they just give up?

No, I think whoever was sponsoring them ran out of money. They were bussed in from their compound someplace and stayed over here at the Baptist church, and the church should've put a stop to it. Their objective here was just purposely to close me down. I could see if they wanted to win people to the Lord or wanted to save souls, but just to try to close one business down, that's a bad objective.

Did they drive away much business?

Yeah, well, my older clientele wouldn't put up with that; they're not gonna walk through a line of guys yelling and carrying on. But you gotta figure, the front of my store is now all done in granite, because of the vandalism these guys did. These surveillance cameras? I didn't have those before. Sound system? Didn't have that before. The way the windows are decorated, all those trees and stuff? That wasn't done before. So actually, they made me really improve the whole outside of the building! And then the Chamber of Commerce gave me that planter box outside!

Do you have a good relationship with the Chamber?

Well, I'm a member! I think I'm the only porno shop that's ever been a member of the Chamber of Commerce!

Is there porn out there that you won't carry?

Yeah, stuff that's illegal. But I carry what my customers are looking for. If I got a bunch of guys looking for the black thing, I get the black tapes in. There's tapes like "Sex in the Studio," a bunch of rappers - okay, I get that stuff in. More or less, I carry whatever my customers are looking for that is legal to get. If it's not legal, you tell 'em. Because I get a lot of Asian guys who're used to the animal stuff, because they get that in their country, well, over here it's illegal.

As long as it's legal, you'll carry it. So you don't have any issues of morality...

Oh, you can't. You just can't. What? A gay guy comes in here, you're gonna frown down on him? Somebody's into transsexual stuff, you're gonna frown on them? Somebody likes lesbian movies, you're gonna say "well that's kinda stupid?" Or somebody wants to watch the gang-bang stuff...you can't frown on people's tastes. You don't do that.

You must get some pretty bizarre requests...

Yeah, stuff that I couldn't get into. I could say 'how could anybody sit through a 4 hour lesbian movie?' One or two scenes is fine, but four hours? I get a lot of guys looking for that, that's why I got the DVD's. Four hours of lesbians! It's all yours, bud! That stuff just bores me silly.



And all the fetish-y stuff, what's legal?

Animal stuff has always been illegal. It's illegal for a woman in porn to portray herself as younger than she is. No pig-tails, no sucking on lollipops. The poopy stuff is illegal, I think. Women golden showers are fine. But if a guy does it, that's illegal. So much of this stuff, they leave it up to the community to decide. They go "well, would your community go for it?" To me, as long as it's adults, it doesn't make that big of a difference. I remember I had a supplier once who told me he went to Thailand for little kid videos. That was the last time I ordered anything from that sucker. Now that's disgusting.

What are your customers looking for?

Well, let's see, today we got a request for Gun Grease. New product! So I wrote it down...

...What's Gun Grease?

I'm gonna find out. I think it's like Boy Butter. I got that comin' in, too. And the other new thing is this, it's called Eros, see [holds up the box], we just got this in today. This here is a nice cream; not only does it lubricate, but it enlarges your dick. You can't have too big of a dick. It's condom safe, too!

You must see trends in porn come and go...

Yeah, a couple years ago, you got the Wendy Whoppers movies where the boobs are way down here. Huge. That went out. But now the rappers are kinda popular, Asian stuff's pretty good for this area. I got the whole Rodney Moore series...oh yeah, hairy women! I think natural women are making a comeback.

GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST

Got something to say? Say it, then! And send it to us. You could be our next guest columnist.

When we lose live-music venues here in our favorite musical city, I wonder: is it strictly because of finances, or are club owners just fed up? I am an avid show-goer in the fine state of Washington, but I'm about to give up and just watch pay-per-view.

Being a big fan of live music, I've had the chance to promote and manage bands (free of charge) to enhance their careers and the city's nightlife. But lately, I'm frustrated. It's a new take on the old Chicken and the Egg notion. Which came first, the frustrated club owner or the abused patron?

Just last night, I was invited to attend an all-ages Battle of the Bands at a great place in Georgetown called About the Music. It appeared to be the first rock n' roll show they hosted, and after witnessing the way the drunk twentysomethings and restless adolescents treated their place, I imagine it could very well be the last.

I really enjoyed the hospitality of the staff, the polite bartenders, the fun food choices, and the understanding management; but they had to constantly plead for respect. People were banging their chairs against the freshly-painted walls, using their centerpieces as ashtrays, and of course the under-agers were trying to get a buzz. Unnecessary, yeah, but these things happen at a rock show. But what really turned my stomach was at the end of the evening.

I enter the unisex bathroom where I find, to my disgust, a surprise in solid form sitting on the floor BESIDE the toilet. Was *this* necessary? After the kind folks at this club give the kids a place to dance and play, they literally shit all over it. I can't see the club being too anxious to host another rock show any time soon.

Now to the flip side of the coin. I've recently been venturing outside of Seattle to see more bands and new venues, but find myself running back to Pioneer Square with my wallet between my legs. The other weekend, I went up to Bellingham, where some friends of mine were playing at the Fairhaven Pub. We bit the bullet and paid the twelve dollar (!) cover to get in.

After one set, a friend and I decided to run outside for some fresh air and were not let back in. Huh? We were told the club had reached the occupancy limit, and the bouncer explained that we wouldn't be getting back in at all, even if the place cleared out. The fact that I was on the guest list didn't seem to matter either. Huh? My credit card and coat inside the club apparently wasn't his problem.

I felt like a hostage. I called some friends inside and asked for assistance; they were told that if they crossed the battle line, they would have to leave as well. And they were in the fucking band! Incredibly poor judgement and sloppy management all the way around. Will I go back? Maybe just to shit all over the place (the toilets were out of order ALL evening).

The Pacific Northwest was once applauded for the tight-knit sense of community of our music scene. Our ethics have changed. When we say 'community,' it should be just that: everyone in the scene (from managers and bouncers to door guys and fans) need to work together, have some respectful fun and keep our venues open. Cheers.

-K. Austin

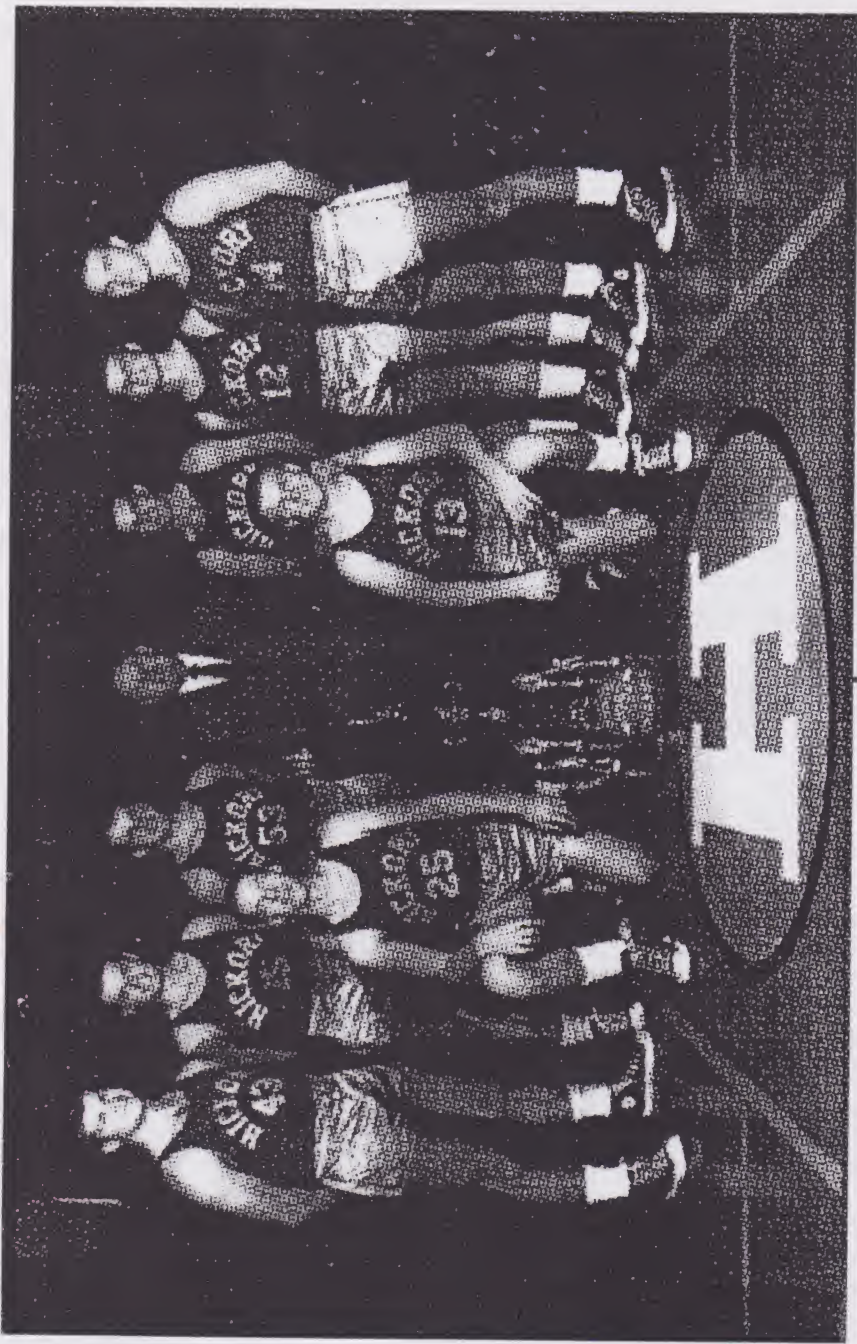
Ms. Austin is a live music fanatic who donates her time and energies to local bands, working to pull the scene together. She recently organized a successful 3-band fundraiser for K Records and Dub Narcotic Sound System. Her favorite up n' comers are Trepan and the Distillers, and she says that even though she's straight, she'd date Brody Dalle any time.

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The Hickory Huskers

(l to r, standing) Whit, Jimmy, Strap, Coach Norman Dale, Everett, Merle, Buddy
(l to r, kneeling) Rade, Ollie

Indiana State Champs 1952

The Way I Remember It

His name was Jerry Shelton. But for one brief, curious moment, I thought it might be Lucifer. But we'll get to that later.

He was an energetic, hale young man in the body of a 50 year-old world traveler. He moved to our little town & began his quest for world domination. As I got to know him over that summer, I got the distinct feeling he had done this before. I pictured him setting up shop in any number of previous places, opening wide his bag of tricks and opportunisticly plying his trade before packing up & moving on. Lake Chelan was just his latest HQ.

He spoke freely and friendly to everybody, opened doors for ladies and chatted up folks on the street. He was always smiling & joking, engaging all within ear-shot with his colorful stories and within weeks, he was a man about town. Well-recognized, but not necessarily well-liked.

If, see, to some people, he came off as a modern-day snake-oil salesman, what with his big ideas and his tall tales. I was a naive, hopeful young bartender of about 22 years, and I listened eagerly. Jerry & I struck up a quick friendship and he became a regular at my bar. He'd enthusiastically eat hearty lunches, telling fantastic stories (and most probably spinning yarns) about his travels to the four corners of the globe & his many exciting exploits.

I was thrilled to hear his stories and maybe learn a little about life through him. And he was more than willing to have an attentive student. I hung out with this man a lot over that summer & had some of the most enlightening conversations I'd ever had. I heard some great stories; some adventurous some sublime. We debated. We argued. We cracked each other up. And he always had a silverware drawer full, full of weed.

You've met people who know a little bit about a lot of things. Those people are everywhere. This man knew a whole lot about a whole lot of things. He could talk to you, intelligently, about government, nutrition, deep-sea

animals, religion, the north face of Mount Everest, international trade, philosophy, business. And the man knew how to tell a joke. He seemed like a walking education in The World.

I was starry-eyed & more than a little gullible, yes, but Jerry always seemed able to back it all up. He would pull books off his overstuffed shelves, dig through stacks of National Geographics, or find photocopies or maps within messy mountains of papers to show me just what he was talking about.

It was after he became a major component of the Chelan mayor's re-election campaign that we publicly broke The Law together. He had designed the mayor's yard signs & had made himself a main cog in the re-election effort so it probably wasn't the smartest idea that ever came to him as we were walking across the New Bridge one summer afternoon.

The New Bridge is a main thoroughfare into town & it stands about 30 feet over the water. It's technically unlawful to jump from the bridge, even though hundreds of people do it every year, from visiting beer-fueled frat boys to locals looking for a rush. But it is illegal.

Just before he leapt off the bridge, he saw a woman flag down a passing cop. He hit the water as I steeled



Have
you
seen
this
man?

myself on the edge. "She narked us off! Let's go!" he screamed, swimming for shore. I jumped, and just as I hit the water, I swam for shore, too. As soon as we both hit solid ground, we were off.

We ran to the back entrance of a church & hid down in the basement staircase. We heard a swarm of cops now, sirens and tires, barking over their radios about where we might be. Jerry & I shot from place to place, running breathlessly, stopping only to hide in doorways and tool sheds. At one point, we found ourselves near the baseball field. Jerry figured we should run into deep centerfield and just sit there. You know, and dry off. We did, and after an hour or so, the incriminating evidence had evaporated and we walked back to his place.

This man, more than twice my age, had successfully engineered our evasion from the police. I was impressed. Once again, this time in the most immediate of circumstances, he had backed up his bluster with proof. We were free men.

I don't know if it was that day, or a later day, that I asked him. But I remember reflecting on how much he knew, how sharp his mind was and how smoothly he carried himself, and the question just naturally came out of me. "Are you the Devil, Jerry?"

"No, I'm not the Devil, but I have been asked that before," he said without hesitating. He chuckled to himself. "But if I was, since you asked, I'd have to tell you." And then he shot me a look that was well familiar. That look that said he knew exactly what he was talking about. Right or wrong, I believed him.

excerpted from the upcoming book

"The Way I Remember It"

by Jason R. Olcott

available sooner or later

from Ambush Publications

Lying Good...About 'Neighborhood'

Deceptive Claims by Chain Restaurant are Exposed

It really grinds my gears when companies use their advertising to tell outright lies. Like when Qwest tries to sell itself as this bastion of customer service altruism. You can't turn on the TV without Qwest lying to your face about their "Spirit of Service." Anybody with a home phone knows what a HUGE, steaming load of crap that is. Their "service" is so poor that for them to even *hint* that they give helpful aid is offensive.

But the one that's been getting under my skin lately is Appleby's Restaurant. These guys are soulless, corporate-controlled drones, just like Jillian's, Chili's, TGI Fridays, et al. But their ads proclaim themselves to be a cozy, "neighborhood" eatery. You've had their bullshit tag-line forced down your throat. You know, "eating good in the neighborhood." Nothing could be further from the truth; that's like 7-11 trying to pass itself off as a Mom n' Pop grocery store.

Appleby's wants to hitch their wagon to the comfy, down-home concept of the neighborhood restaurant, so they just tell you that's what they are. It's a flat-out, bald-faced LIE. So, to illustrate, I called 'em up and used their bullshit verbiage against them. I contacted every single location in the Seattle area, and NOT ONE is located ANYWHERE NEAR a neighborhood.

(Note: The 'Host' is the person who picked up the phone, and, to be fair, I must state that these people were friendly and helpful.)

Puyallup location

Chunk: Yeah, I'm trying to locate your restaurant. What neighborhood are you in?

Host: We're in the South Hill Mall, right in front of Target

Chunk: What neighborhood are you in?

Host: We're in the mall.

Chunk: I'm looking for the neighborhood. Are you near any schools?

Host: I don't know. We're on the Target side of the mall.

Chunk: Thanks.

Tukwila location

Chunk: Hi., I'm looking for your location. What neighborhood are you in?

Host: We're south of the mall, on Southcenter Parkway, across the street from Levitz.

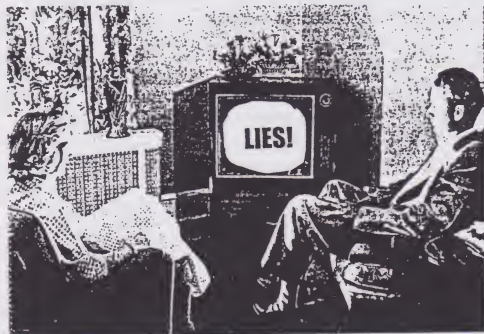
Chunk: Are there any schools or libraries in your neighborhood there?

Host: Oh, no. No, no, this is all businesses down here.

Chunk: So it's not a neighborhood at all then?

Host: No. If you know where Levitz Furniture is, we're right across the street.

Chunk: Thank you very much.



Lies
Lies!
LIES!

Federal Way location

Chunk: Hey, I'm looking for you, wondering what neighborhood you guys are in.

Host: We're in the mall.

Chunk: You're actually IN the mall?

Host: We're just outside the mall.

Chunk: Are there any public parks or ball-fields in your neighborhood there?

Host: No, this is a business district.

Chunk: Okay, thank you.

Bellevue location #1

Chunk: Hi there, I'm just looking for what neighborhood you guys are in.

Host: *What neighborhood?*

Chunk: Like what schools or playgrounds are near you there, in the neighborhood that Appleby's is located?

Host: *Actually, I have no idea. [Gives directions to store].*

Chunk: Oh, you're near Loehmann's Plaza, that mall area?

Host: *Exactly.*

Chunk: Thank you very much.

Dishonesty!

Poppycock!

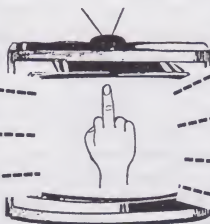
Balderdash!

Falsehood!

Hogwash!

Deceit!

Misrepresentation!



Lynnwood location

Chunk: I'm looking for the neighborhood you guys are in.

Host: *[Gives directions to store]. We're near the Fred Meyer.*

Chunk: What neighborhood are you guys in? Are there any ball-fields or churches or playgrounds in the area?

Host: *Um, yeah, there's a park probably about five minutes away.*

Chunk: Thank you.

Everett location

Chunk: Hi, I'm trying to locate you. What neighborhood are you in?

Host: *We're actually right by the Everett Mall.*

Chunk: I was actually looking for the neighborhood. Do you have schools or libraries or playgrounds near you, there in the neighborhood?

Host: *Um...no. We're right across the street from Magnolia Hi-Fi and we're by the movies and the Dairy Queen. Does that ring a bell?*

Chunk: So I'm not really gonna be looking for a neighborhood at all? No churches or ball-fields or parks?

Host: *No. It's all restaurants and a movie theater and mall-type stuff.*

Chunk: Okay. Thanks.

Bellevue location #2

Chunk: Hi, I'm looking for your location. What neighborhood are you guys in?

Host: *Um, well...uh, we're in the northeast part of Bellevue.*

Chunk: Would I know any of the schools or public parks or libraries in the neighborhood where you're located?

Host: *Um, there's a Safeway gas station. We're in the parking lot of that. And there's a Starbucks. It's kinda like a strip mall. [Gives directions to store.]*

Chunk: Cool. Thank you.

Tacoma location

Chunk: I was just looking for your location and wondering what neighborhood you're in.

Host: *We are on 72nd street and Tacoma Place, right behind the Olive Garden.*

Chunk: As far as what neighborhood you're in, would I know any of the schools or public parks in your area?

Host: *Uh...we're not really...within...like a mile or two of any...*

Chunk: Neighborhood area?

Host: *Yeah. It's more of a little shopping plaza that we're in, right off the freeway.*

Chunk: Okay, well, thank you very much.

Burlington location

Chunk: I was just trying to locate your restaurant. What neighborhood are you in?

Host: *Where are you coming from? [Gives directions to store].*

Chunk: Are there any schools or libraries I would find in that neighborhood you're located in?

Host: *Not that I know of. The only thing I know that is noticeable here is the mall. We're in the parking lot of the mall.*

Chunk: Oh, so it's not really a neighborhood at all then?

Host: *No.*

Chunk: Okay. Thank you very much.

restaurant reviews

Dave's Homestyle Burgers

4022 SW Alaska St, West Seattle 206.938.4931

A kick-ass, straight-up burger joint. No fancy stuff, just three different burgers (all available as Regular [1/3 lb.] and Junior), a Veggie Burger and a Chicken Sandwich. And aside from the fries, onion rings and drinks, that's it. These guys focus on what they do best: big ole sloppy burgers. No pita bread concoctions, no southwestern chicken caesars, no fish sandwiches.

I got the Bacon Cheeseburger. "Homestyle" must mean the mayo and mustard is slathered on by hand and the onions, pickles, bacon and cheese are piled on like you'd do it at your house. No tidy little portion-controlled dollops here, boy. These things are sloppy and delicious. The fries are of the thick-cut skin-on variety, and while I can handle a fair amount of grease, these were a bit over the top, even for me.

But as someone once said, the burger's the thing. Good show, fellas.

-Jason Olcott



Burgermaster

Aurora Drive-In 9820 Aurora Ave N, Seattle 206.522.2044

I'll say this right off the bat: The best burger in Seattle, bar none. This is what a classic American drive-in burger should be. I always get the same thing: the double-meat, double-cheese masterpiece known as The Burgermelt, fries, two sides tartar and a chocolate shake. The burger is two meaty patties amid a mess of perfectly melted tasty American cheese, ketchup, mustard and pickles on a flawlessly toasted bun. The taste of these elements together is nothing short of sublime. The fries are medium-thick and crispy, and when dipped into the creamy tartar, they are heavenly. And to top it all off, the thick-ass shake (your straw is there strictly for stirring, not sipping) is vanilla ice cream mixed with just the right amount of chocolate. The whole shootin' match comes in at right around six bucks. Really, what the hell are you waiting for?

-Jason Olcott

The Alki Homestead

2717 61st Ave SW, West Seattle 206.935.5678

As soon as you cross the threshold into this old homesteader's spacious log cabin, you can sense you're in for something special. It looks like your Aunt Ida's home, complete with lace doilies and antique lamps, a huge stone fireplace and well-worn furniture. The menu is stripped-down yet ample, but if you're like me, you won't need to have it in your hands for long. Order the fried chicken dinner and settle in for a feast.

In moments, you'll be served a crispy, delicious fresh salad, then a cup of wonderful chicken soup and fresh, delicate homemade biscuits. Then they'll bring out bowls of veggies (their green beans & stewed tomato dish is incredible), mashed potatoes and gravy, and the crown jewel, a whole platter of their Southern-style pan-fried chicken. I'm here to tell ya, this chicken is "oh-my-god,-dude" good.

And they keep it comin'. When the bowls or platter near empty, they replenish with fresh helpings. My girlfriend Tanya can put away about three birds by herself, so I can personally testify to their diligent re-servings.

Their full bar helps round out this gorgeous meal, and the prices are downright cheap, considering the volume of provisions laid out on your table. Do yourself a favor. Work up an appetite and get down to the Homestead.

-Jason Olcott

Oi! Sod Off!



When you're done using your grocery cart, go ahead and take it back to the store instead of just leaving it out in the middle of the fucking parking lot. You self-centered prick.

Quit breaking out your credit card for every last little purchase in your life. You're delaying everyone in line at the 7-11 by paying for fucking *snacks* with a fucking *credit card*. If you've just gotta have your corn snaps and cheez-y doodles, pull some goddamned cash together.



Stop using the term "snail mail." I know you're just tickled at how neat it is ("looky! It rhymes!"), but show some respect, ya little ingrate. These people are out there every day, often in the cold and rain, performing a valuable service. If you could overcome your paralyzing laziness and actually *write a letter* once in a while, you'd probably be astounded at how swift the service is. How could you possibly refer to the USPS as slow when you can slap a stamp (for thirty-seven measly pennies) on an envelope and have it hand-delivered directly to a house *all the goddamn way across the country* in about two days? That's not slow, you instant-gratification freak, that's pretty fucking fast.

There's this really cool thing in your car. It's smart, well-designed, and easy-to-use. It lets the drivers behind you know what the fuck you're doing (you know, like changing lanes and such) as you're motoring down the highway at 70mph in your 2,000-pound steel-and-glass ramrod. Probably a good idea to use it.

How fucking lazy do you have to be for the fucking *turn signal* to be too much for you? Go ahead and put forth the effort. Your life (or MINE) might just depend on it.



Enough with the stuffed animals in your car. Really. Enough. Is it really necessary to cram your back window full of fuzzy dolls? No it is not. It's your car, for christ's sake, not your bedroom. And how old are you anyway?

When you're in a public place and you just have to blab away on your cute little cell-phone, remember this: your conversation is just that. YOUR conversation. Keep it the fuck down. This isn't your living room. And when you're standing in line at the bank (or the market, or the post office, or the drug store...) and it's your go, **GET THE FUCK OFF THE TELEPHONE** and tend to your business. You self-important little weasel.



Hey Stuart Scott – enough already. Jesus fucking Christ. Please. Give it a rest. Your non-stop barrage of snarky homie-speak was tolerable for about 5 minutes. And that was years ago. Now you're making a mockery of SportsCenter and a parody of yourself. Cut the shit and just call the highlights. And while you're at it, stuff a sock in Berman's grill, too.

For all you weak-ass, soon-to-be-extinct computer-reliant convenience-freak pussies: Go ahead and use your beloved little e-mail device for its intended (and only legitimate) use: instant transmissions of information. Keep your lame jokes, your stupid chain-letters, your tired-ass cartoons and your nauseating little life-affirming homilies to your e-mail-forwarding selves.



If you're an adult, feel free to retire that Tazmanian Devil T-shirt. As a matter of fact, just ditch all your shirts, shorts, jackets, hats, ties and any other article of clothing you have with cartoon characters on them. That includes that hideous leather-armed letterman jacket thing with the giant embroidered Bugs Bunny on it that you insist on wearing. Get rid of 'em. You're a grown-up now, so leave the Disney characters to the little ones.

For all you personality-challenge douchebags out there, listen up. Your lame-ass responses to the greeting "What's up?" ARE NOT FUNNY. As a matter of fact, when most people hear you say "the ceiling" or "it's a direction" we want to break all of the bones in your face.



Stop using the term "diva" to describe every single woman performer. It takes more than female genitalia to qualify for that very slim, very quirky category. There are millions of marginally-talented female "entertainers" out there, folks, and not all of them are divas. I know it sounds snappy and all, but it's simply not true.

It's really pathetic that someone as unhip as *me* has to tell you fuckers this, but...It's way past the time to stop using the following phrases: "off da hook," "you da man," "you go, girl," and "don't go there." Please, cease and desist. These were all lame little fad catch-phrases to begin with and now they just make you sound like you're living in a sitcom.



And just on general principle, fuck the Lakers.



RANCH (DRESSING) ROUNDUP

Hidden Valley

The Original Ranch Dressing

Just what is ranch dressing, anyway? If you take the name literally, I guess you'd picture the kind of concoction one would come up with on, well, a ranch. You've got the creamy base provided by the milk cows and the spices and vegetable flavors from out in the garden. If that is indeed the case, then Hidden Valley are the standard-bearers for 'authentic' ranch. It's a very natural-tasting sauce, with subtle hints of vegetables that enhance the taste of your salad. The flavor is mellow and balanced, and while the culinary elite will always turn their nose up at ranch, this is a perfectly respectable dressing.

Kraft

Ranch Dressing

Now this is the reason ranch gets such a bad name. Kraft's ranch sauce is just that: a sauce. This is not a salad dressing, it's for pure dipping pleasure (pizza, tater tots, anyone?). This stuff has such an intense, *loud* flavor, it's like candy. You could hardly put this on a salad; it'd easily overpower any item in your bowl. But as a dipping sauce, you can hardly find better; it's thick and rich with a bold, tangy ranch taste that works flawlessly with just about anything you wanna dunk into it. It's a bit of a guilty pleasure, I admit.

Newman's Own

Ranch Dressing

Yikes. What the hell is this? Whatever it is, this medium-consistency goo doesn't taste anything like ranch. And after repeated tastings, I can't put my finger on just what it does taste like. It's got a funky tang to it that makes it taste like it's gone bad somewhere along the line. The disturbing yellowish tint to it doesn't help matters, either. Beware.



Green Garden

Gourmet Ranch House Dressing

This is the bulk-size dressing that we get at the bar and grill where I tend bar. As such, it works well; it's a crowd pleaser. It's thick and creamy with a mellow ranch flavor that tastes great on salads, fries, jalapeno poppers, pizza...I could go on. If you work at a restaurant, you'd do well to try to find this for your customers. And if you find this brand on the shelf at the supermarket, go for it.

Hidden Valley

BBQ Ranch

Combining two of my favorite flavors, this promised to be the Sauce of the Gods. And it was. For a while. But the more times I had it, the less I enjoyed it. You wouldn't want this on your salad, and you'd want to use it very sparingly on the things you do want it on. It's too sweet, too tangy, and just...too much. I suppose it's like staffer 'Forehead' Wilson says, you can have too much of a good thing. And this is too much of two good things.

By JR Olcott

video reviews

The Adventures of Indiana Jones

The Complete DVD Movie Collection

What a freakin' rip-off this thing is. Everybody knows why we're here: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." Period. Nobody gives a shit about the other two movies, and the notion that to get 'Raiders' on DVD, the fans have to shell out 40 bucks for this whole crappy box set is criminal.

The one thing that could've made this purchase less insulting was the bonus material disc. And you would think that if anybody could put together a kick-ass bonus disc, it'd be Spielberg and Lucas. But no. It's a joke.

It's three hours of low-rent, lock-stepping interviews and uninteresting stories about the making of the movies. Spielberg narrates scenes as if he'd rather be counting his money, and Lucas looks like he's on the verge of a boredom coma. The filmset footage is dull and useless, succeeding only at illustrating just how incredibly dorky these two blowhards are.

The packaging is lame and uninspired, and indeed the only saving grace for this whole shit sandwich is the first movie. And, by the way, it's called simply "Raiders of the Lost Ark," NOT "Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark."

-Jason Olcott



Six Feet Under

The Complete First Season DVD Collection

I admit it. I'm a sucker for packaging. And the packaging alone for this thing needs some sort of award. But instead of going on and on about how graceful and beautiful the mere packaging is, I'll try to tell you about how graceful and beautiful the material is.

A daring venture even for HBO, *Six Feet Under* follows the life and times of one family in L.A. who owns and operates a funeral home. They are as quirky and true as any real family, warts and all, AND they run a funeral home. You can imagine the plots and the twists that HBO has at its disposal, but they go beyond that, and they craft a show (13 episodes in all) that always has you wondering, envisioning.

From beginning to end of this DVD collection, the stories and out-of-left-field tweaks are engaging and, at turns, weird, creepy, disturbing, troublesome, haunting, and...human. But the whole time, they are graceful and beautiful. It's quite something to behold.

-Jason Olcott

Iron Maiden

Visions of the Beast – The Complete Video History

Sanctuary Music/Metal I's Records

This is a collection for Maiden freaks. And it's only 20 bucks! I'm quoting from the dust sleeve here: "the complete video history of every one of Iron Maiden's promotional clips from 1980 through to their headlining performance at Rock In Rio 2001." And it's only 20 bucks.

I'm a HUGE Maiden guy, but even I don't need all this. I don't really HAVE to have the videos for "Be Quick or Be Dead," or "Infinite Dreams." I don't really need the cartoon-enhanced versions of their videos, and I certainly don't need the cheesy animated Eddie sequences.

But for 20 bucks, I get all that and a TON more. All the classic Maiden tracks, 40+ minutes of bonus material, footage of the Iron Maiden FC playing some decent soccer, some old Paul DiAnno stuff...over three solid hours of Maiden mayhem. And did I mention, the price is right?

-Ernie Toledo

Dennis Miller

The Raw Feed

Dennis Miller comes back into the stand-up fold with this latest HBO special. If you like him, this set is going to cement that notion even further, and if you hate him, this probably won't change your mind. This DVD is another dose of his thoughtful, meticulously pre-planned comedy jabs, this time flavored with his right-wing beliefs. Instead of hiding his conservative heart, he throws it out there boldly, making some decent (and funny) arguments for his leanings.

It's not all political; he slices into a lot of topics with his comedic dueling blade, so let me just give you a little taste:

- "Profiling? Are you kidding me? You know, folks, when 15 out of 19 people are from one country, and you happen to notice that, that's not profiling. That's minimally observant, okay? If I'm ever on an airplane, and a guy who looks like that shoe-bomber sits down next to me, I'm gonna call the stewardess over and say 'Excuse me, honey, but if this fucker isn't the harmonica player for the J. Geils band, I want him off the plane right now,' okay?"
- "Now the ACLU is helping to fight overturn a Mississippi state law that prohibits homosexuals from adopting children. You know, folks, I'm no expert on the subject, but if you're gay, and you've chosen to set up shop in Mississippi, even I'm reasonably sure you're not equipped to adopt children, okay? What are you, working that big glory-hole scene down in Pascalooga? 'Jimmy, fire up the El Camino, man, there's a circle-jerk in Hattiesburg!'"
- "The Catholic church has the gall last year to get all the bishops together in Dallas where the boys try to decide how many kids you can do before you get drummed out of the corp. You know something, when I was 12 years old, they were adamant about the fact that if I had a hot dog on Friday, I'd end up around a campfire with Pol Pot and Hitler, yet all of a sudden everybody's a little murky on the fucking rulebook."

It's all textbook Miller, and if that floats your boat, you'll be sailing into the sunset.

-Jason Olcott

Tenacious D

The Complete Master Works

Epic Music Video

Anybody with a taste for The D will be squealing with delight when they get their greasy hands on this fat package. When (in the title) they say "complete," lemme tell ya, they mean it, boy. All the videos, all the HBO episodes, all the short films, all the TV appearances, an on-the-road documentary loaded with backstage and tour bus footage, AND a full concert! Fans of KG and JB's skewed brand of humor (and their wicked music) will be in D Nirvana. Long Live The D.

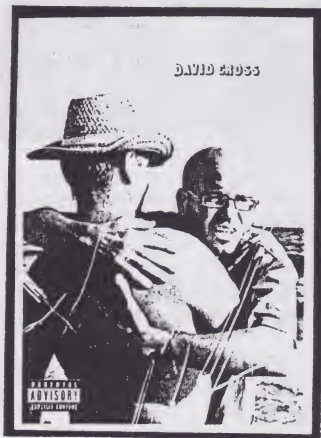
-Johnny Redstreak



David Cross

Let America Laugh

Sub Pop



No, this isn't a concert from Cross' recent North American comedy tour. It's a documentary of that tour. And yeah, it's pretty damn funny. You've met David Cross before. He was that guy in high school who was pretty much funny all the time. Always popping off with a funny take on the situation, always fucking with people, always finding every opportunity to poke fun at everything. Now, you take a guy like that, put him on tour, get in the van with him and follow him around for a handful of months with a camera, and you're gonna end up with some humorous footage.

Edited exceedingly well with a barrage of tour snippets including onstage bits, this DVD is funny and interesting. But I have to state that since Cross takes (almost) every chance to make fun of people (many times snide, acting innocent; sometimes with sly editing), as a viewer you almost feel complicit in his antics. I came away feeling vaguely dickish by association.

I got over it, I suppose, and can appreciate this for what it is. And did I mention it's edited well?

-Charles De Mar

concert

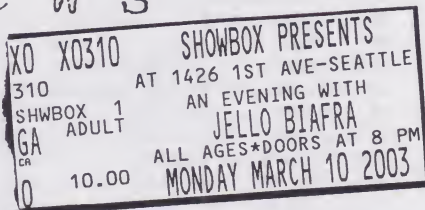
reviews

Jello Biafra

(Spoken word show)

The Showbox, Seattle, WA

10 March 2003



Dressed in rent-a-cop blue, the boisterous Biafra strode the boards of the Showbox tonight, doing what he does best — delivering the straight dope with a snarky sense of humor, a tolerable level of hyperbole and just the right touch of ideological righteousness. It's kind of quaint, I think, that when you go see Jello, it's a fairly straight-forward deal. He doesn't awe you with a miraculous Mensa-mind or challenge you to wrap your head around complicated, high-minded theories.

What he does is homework. He reads and he digs and he reads some more. And he digs some more. And the shit that he uncovers about the U.S.'s wrong-headed domestic and foreign policies is disturbing. He finds this information, writes it down, goes on tour and tells you about it. That's about it. He's not a messiah, he's not a showman, and he sure as hell ain't one of those dramatic, hypnotic orators.

This show was classic Jello. He exposed connections between our government and big business, our government and terrorism, the military and big business. The high-level associations between these factions are documented in certain well-respected (but not widely-read) newspapers and publications, and Jello let us know what he found out and where he found it. Everything has that "I love my country but distrust my government" flavor and an unmistakable reformist feel to it.

He speaks on the U.S. government, with clear references, about double-dealings, back-stabbings and poor judgements. He points out the ineptitude of some of our "leaders," and rails against the accepted norm. He picks through piles of papers on a desk-like table onstage and delivers level-minded information on what's gone so horribly wrong with our government and advice on how to maybe change it. You should go see this man. It is important. And it is good.

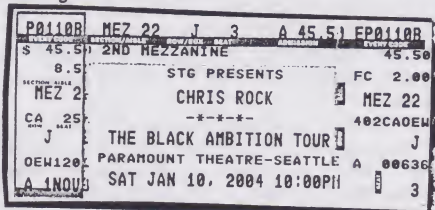
It's informative, enlightening and disgusting and it makes you ashamed to be a proud American. And with some of us, it makes us want to pay way closer attention to our "leaders," continue to vote, and be at least a little more informed (and vocal) about everything.

But I got the distinct impression from the unwashed masses in attendance tonight that most weren't there for any of that. Apparently, most people went to the show to wave their middle fingers in the air and yell out things like "fuck Bush!" and "no war!" Brilliant display, kids.

Shame that all the legwork Biafra does digging up and exposing the shortcomings and hypocrisy of the U.S. government was largely wasted on this snottily defiant, yet clueless, crowd. It was glaringly obvious that the dirty neo-hippies and tattoo-covered fashion victims who filled the theater tonight probably wouldn't be "taking it to the next level," so to speak.

One got the feeling that the notions of "rebellion" or "positive change" amongst the audience members tonight were probably considerably different from what all the hooting and hollering would suggest.

I'd bet that the extent of social change in these people's minds would involve either getting another hideous tattoo or further puncturing their faces with more metal bits. Or maybe deciding to avoid soap altogether. Pity.



-Jason Olcott

Chris Rock

Paramount Theatre, Seattle, WA

10 Jan 2004

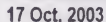
To see Chris Rock live, bobbin' and weavin', and jabbin' hard when he gets the chance (and he sets up plenty of opportunities for good jabs), is a tremendous thing. He was on fire tonight, pacing the stage like a panther, lashing out with dead-on comedy strikes, noting his hits and always scouting out and setting up his next one. And he kept swiping. He was heated; a comedy beast on the prowl killing whenever he pleased.

-Mike Aruki

The Gorge Amphitheater, George, WA

Some things that went through my head during this show:

- Jason Olcott



Seinfeld is head and shoulders above the vast crowd of comics out there, and it's refreshing that he does it old-school style. It was an inspiring joy to behold.

-Jason Olcott

10 Sept 2003

-Jason Olcott

Zines

Zine editors: Send us a copy of your mag. We'll review it. Then we'll send you a copy of ours.

Brooklyn! (#'s 40 & 41)

(1800 Ocean Pkwy, #B12, Brooklyn NY 11223-3037)

Editor Fred Argoff has a serious case of Hometown Pride, and this little zine is a celebration of all things Brooklyn. Fred hits every issue with a scattergun blast of Brooklyn history, architecture, neighborhood facts, and comments on the rich cultures that flourish there. Photos of brownstones, bridges businesses and bodies of water fill the pages, all accompanied with anecdotes, facts and legends.

He's got a penchant for Brooklyn street grids; his knowledge of where original streets ran, where original housing developments were and which peoples settled where is impressive. There are many things to like about this zine, but I suppose my favorite is the Brooklyn Lexicon and Pronunciation Guide he includes. With this reference guide, you can take a little bit of Brooklyn with you when you're done reading.

-Jason Olcott

babysue (vol.8, #'s 1-4)

(PO Box 33369, Decatur, GA 30033)

On first glance, this full-size cartoon zine comes off as a non-stop dis-fest, with every page poking savage fun at everything from stupid people to booze and pot, to women, the USA, rock stars, girlfriends, boyfriends, god, Jesus...the list is virtually endless. The drawings themselves are just as effective as the words are in trash-talking. Snide poetry, jokes and fake ads are peppered throughout, also tearing into target after target.

Faux editorials and research pieces appear, thick with words and thicker with derision and sarcasm. You'll get a giggle or two throughout, and after reading some of the sillier one-off comic strips, you'll probably end up with a "huh...?" caught in your throat more than a few times. A choice few features are genuinely funny, like the "Restaurants to Avoid" strip, and the "Asshole Recognition" piece, but most of the cartoons/articles seem to be straight attack pieces, with humor as an afterthought.

babysue seems to save its sharpest spears for the homosexual community. Editor "Invisible Don" Seven portrays himself as a free-thinking guy who just happens to be gay. In one autobiographical strip, entitled "The Enemy," he shows himself as a gay man who doesn't view his sexuality as the be-all and end-all of his existence. He feels no need to flounce about town declaring his sexual preference to the world, he doesn't enjoy gay clubs, he attends no rallies or parades, and he says "the whole idea of same-sex couples is just...BAD...whenever I see two men or two women walking hand in hand it just looks...STUPID."

He's obviously not a typical gay guy, but he IS on "the inside" so to speak, so he's got a wagon-load of material that pokes fun at his own tribe. It cuts to the quick and sometimes it's a bit uncomfortable, but at the end of the day, a lot of it is...FUNNY.

-D. Ray Morton

PTBH! (#10)

(PO Box 3785, Seattle, WA 98103-0785)

Since I bought this at a zine shop over a year ago and I don't know if Editor Rex is still publishing this, I'll keep it short. Let's just say that it'd be well worth your money to send a dollar (yup, \$1) to the address above and try to get a copy. It's a personal zine by a dumpster-diving coffee-hound who can write a first person account compelling enough to keep you turning pages. This issue's about a trip down south to rescue a van. Sound boring? It ain't. Send a buck.

-Johnny Redstreak

Vice (vol. 10 no. 1)

(75 North 4th, 3rd Floor, Brooklyn, NY 11211/viceland.com)

A golsy freebie mag directed at the so-with-it-it's-painful crowd. You know what I'm talking about. This magazine is probably like a bible for the sort of people who spend hours upon hours digging through the used clothes at Value Village before they find something that's sufficiently dorky enough for them to wear.

Their ultimate dream is to have a highwater pair of brown cordouroy ToughSkins, argyle socks, a pair of "old skool" red Pumas, a T-shirt that's way too tight that has just the right sort of fringe-y, faded logo on it (like from a Chinese restaurant or a little league baseball team), a greasy, moppy hair-do (or an afro, of course), and, certainly, some stupid ear-flap hat on. (This way, they figure, they appear so completely nerd-ified that no one could ever accuse them of being a poser. Or a fashion slave. Well guess what, Captain Corduroy?)

So unless you're one of these NYC super-hipsters (or one of their wannabes) who chases fashion around, or you think DJ's and electronic "music" are the ultimate act of artistic expression, you probably won't have much use for this magazine.

It's full of too-cool-for-you fashion, articles for the uber-hip, record reviews of bands that are so "cool" that you've never heard of 'em (out of 39 bands covered, I'd heard of seven), and strange, confusing ads from the erroneous "our-models-are-so-ugly-and-sickly-that-they're-hot" mode of thinking.

Every once in a while, you'll flip past something that's kinda funny, but for the most part, this just kinda feels like a surface-level missive from the "dork=hip" crowd trying to let you know how cool they are.

-Mike Aruki

Greasy Spoon (#14)

(PO Box 30103, Columbia, MO 65205)

To the open-minded and curious, specific-interest zines are enjoyable for many reasons, even if you're not all that hot on their specific interest. It's cool to read how serious some of these writers are about their little niche. But if you ARE into their thing (like I am with this one), these zines are even better.

Greasy Spoon is dedicated to that beloved icon of Americana, the burger joint. They focus on the highly-stylized drive-ins of the 50's, but vintage coffee shops and burger stands also get coverage. Articles and news clips report the saving of historical burger stands (LA's Munch Box), celebrate the birthdays of cherished greasy spoons (the southeast's Krystal), mourn the passing (read: demolition) of old restaurants (Pittsburgh's White Tower), and warn of the potential loss of vintage drive-ins (Santa Cruz's Cross Roads).

The slant is the appreciation of drive-in culture and the embracing of that feeling we all get when we watch *American Graffiti*. The mission of this tight, well-crafted zine (if I may pull a quote from the Editor's Note), is "to keep restaurants alive and respected for their history in the present, so that we can write histories about thriving establishments, instead of records of their extinction."

-Ernie Toledo

Zine Guide and Index (#6)

(PO Box 5467, Evanston, IL 60204/www.zineguide.net)

An absolutely exhaustive reference guide to zinedom. I don't know how they can publish something this grandiose and only charge \$7.95 for it. It seems like they should charge, like, 25 bucks for this monster. It's primarily a zine-review zine, but that ain't the half of it. Yeah, there's about 100 pages of comprehensive, info-packed reviews and commentaries, but there's also a ton more. Lists and comments on zine distros, a litany of helpful indexes, articles on zining and trading, and lists of favorite/least favorite zines. This thing is an invaluable resource for zine readers and writers. Awesome.

-Jason Olcott

Rev. Richard J. Mackin's Book of Letters (#17)

(PO Box 14642, Portland, OR 97293-0642)

Here's the gig: Reverend Rich writes letters to the corporate offices of major companies, earnestly asking about things like their policies, their advertising practices and their ideals. He publishes them. Sometimes he gets responses. He publishes them, too.

What's fun about this thing is, for example, when he gets three-page letters back from the Coca-Cola company, defending their product against claims of extreme acid content, bone-weakening elements, carbonation levels and concerns about beverage temperature, in response to a haiku he sent them.

That's rich. And this zine's full of example after hilarious example of very telling official corporate responses to his inquiries, thoughts, limericks and haikus.

-Charles DeMar

Twenty-eight Pages Lovingly Bound with Twine (#6)

(PO Box 106, Danville, OH 43014)

I could publish a whole zine about how great this zine is.

I would have editorials about how refreshing and nuts-and-bolts this zine is. I would have features about how editor Christoph knows that everyday Real Life is the big show, how he notices the little things and writes about them in a way that illuminates and glorifies them. I would run opinion pieces about how this zine is the most perfect example of the DIY ethic I've ever run across. And how endlessly pleasing it is on so many levels.

I would have articles about how remarkable it is that every single page of this zine is eminently readable and interesting. I would also run a re-print of the response that Christoph gave to the review he got in a British zine called *Head Wound*. That whole exchange is priceless.

Granted, the idea of a zine dedicated to how great another zine is might be wholemeal dross, but I could do it, and it's because *28PLBwT* is one extraordinary little zine.

-Jason Olcott

Xerography Debt (#11)

(PO Box 963, Havre de Grace, MD 21078)

A cool little idea that I'm surprised somebody hasn't done before. XD is primarily a zine review zine, with the reviews submitted by a big cross-section of zine writers. So not only do you get small press reviews from people who *actually* do small press projects, but you get them in a number of different styles.

Josh Bowron, who does *Scatological Think Cap*, puts down his reviews short, sharp, and to the point. Fred Argoff, who publishes *Brooklyn!* infuses his reviews with a welcome, chatty dose of humor. Androo, who does the minicomic *Cryptozoa*, makes his reviews into, well, minicomics.

The whole thing is more varied and more readable than if just one guy was sitting there banging out review after review. The contributors come from all walks of life and they bring with them their own tastes and reading lists, so we as readers get a vast array of zines being reviewed. Cool.

-Jason Olcott

Infiltration (#20)

(PO Box 13, Station E, Toronto, ON M6H 4E1/www.infiltration.org)

A highly specialized zine dedicated to urban spelunkers. The guys who publish this little gem, subtitled "The Zine About Going Places You're Not Supposed to Go," are obsessed with what's down that manhole, what's in that abandoned power plant, and how to access those underground tunnels running below the city streets.

These guys (the Action Squad) are into discovery, documentation and aesthetic appreciation of forbidden places. They're not thieves and they're not vandals. They're just there to check shit out. And this zine lets you check it out, too.

This issue is The Twin Cities Spectacular, all about the incredible explorative possibilities in, around and underneath Minneapolis-St. Paul. The deserted Hamm's brewery is explored and photographed, as is one of the largest natural caves in the area, located under what was once a Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank.

The writing is informed and well-crafted, the photos are crisp and clear, and the layout is sharp and eye-catching. All of these fine publishing attributes come together most compellingly when you're introduced to The Labyrinth. *Infiltration* takes you along from discovery to exploration and mapping, through this 15 mile maze of multi-leveled interconnecting tunnels. It's fascinating stuff, and this zine does a good job of conveying the illicit thrill of sneaking and entering.

-Jason Olcott

Metal Rules (#15)

(metalarulesmagazine.com)

This one is confusing me. Most of the contents in this 80-page rag are uninteresting, dated and dull-witted, so it's hard to imagine it gaining any kind of following. But the fact of the matter is that this is a glossy-covered, widely-distributed thing with some fairly big-name features and a lot of advertising from legit record labels.

Being primarily an interview zine (especially one with access to this level of celebrity) you'd think that after 15 issues, they'd have their chops down and you'd read some good solid material. This is not the case for a couple reasons.

First, in their attempt to be goofy and irreverent, they come off feeble and stupid. I mean, they're talking to Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson about cat food, for chrissakes. Secondly, there seems to be no editing for length. Every last word of the "interviews," no matter how irrelevant, is put on the page; the Blackie Lawless discussion goes on for a full seven pages. Has a way of taking away from any real worth that might be in the mix. Lastly, their choice of subjects isn't the most compelling. It's the new millennium and they're interviewing Ratt, Warrant, Dokken and Firehouse? Really?

But all that being said, there's also a four-page letters section chock full of readers writing in to gush about how much they love this mag.

Huh?

-Jason Olcott

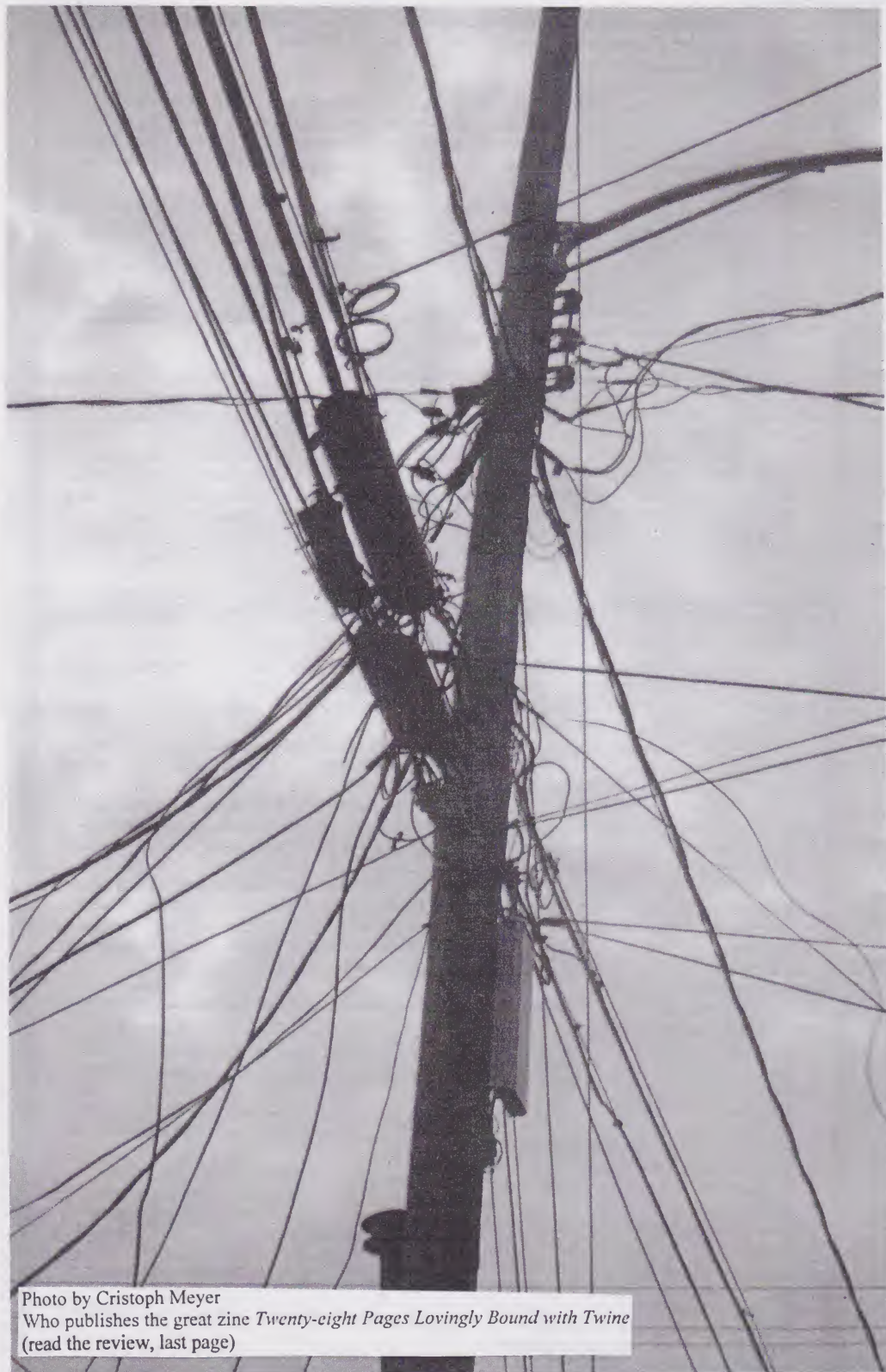


Photo by Cristoph Meyer

Who publishes the great zine *Twenty-eight Pages Lovingly Bound with Twine*
(read the review, last page)

audio r e v i e w s



The Oswald Effect

The Oswald Effect

3-song pre-release demo

Rising from the ashes of Seattle's lethal chunk-rock headhunters Custom Hustler comes this band, all edgy and angry and full of piss and vinegar. While CH's main mode of attack was a kind of tweaked-out funkiness, The Oswald Effect strip everything down to its naked energy and run with it, no pretense. What we get, then, is a trio of ripping songs, led off by the delicious attack of "Leeches Strike at Midnight," punched up by the relentless head-kicking of "I Got a Bone to Pick with You Sucka," followed by the wild, semi-dissonant "Success."

These guys just got out of the studio, after putting down a full album. Are these songs going to be on the new album? I don't know. But after hearing these songs, I'm willing to bet that the songs that DO make the album will be well worth hearing. Pay attention.

-Jason Olcott

BRIDES OF DESTRUCTION

Brides of Destruction

Here Come the Brides

Sanctuary Records (bridesofdestruction.com)

Nikki Sixx's new band comes out swinging on this 9-song blast of high octane punk-flavored rock n' roll. Or is it rock n' roll-flavored punk? Whatever. Sixx's love for hooks and choruses smashes face-first into Tracii Guns' knack for brash guitar fireworks and makes for a tasty, gutsy album. Scot Coogan plays a competent drum kit, pumping right along with Nikki's darkly rumbling bass, and this singer London LeGrand, holy shit! He sounds like a newly-infuriated incarnation of Johnny Rotten, after a bottle of tequila and a couple fat rails of trailer-park crank. Perfect.

Ex-Crue member John Corabi adds guitar heft all over the place, bolstering an already strong outing. While you will find yourself shouting along, songs like "2x Dead" and the vicious "I Got a Gun" may have you wondering what turned the arena-rock blood in Nikki's veins into ice. But then "Life" or "Only Get So Far" comes on and you realize the old boy still has it in him. Thank goodness.

-Jason Olcott



Murderdolls



Murderdolls

Beyond the Valley of the Murderdolls

Roadrunner Records (murderdolls.com)

Being a side project of Slipknot's Joey Jordison, it's no surprise that the subject matter here is all sickness and perversion. Suicide, graverobbing, zombies and murder (siblings, wives and Miss America are all killed on this record) are the prevailing themes.

What does come as a surprise is how tongue-in-cheek, even playful, it all is. Every song is a punchy metallic anthem with a sing-along chorus, and big, fat rock n' roll hooks are all over the place. When they sing about robbing the graveyard and raping the dead, they do it with a smirk, not a scowl. And listening to it, you sort of give a wink at the speakers and keep on banging. It's all sorta silly, but since we're all in on the joke, it's cool.

Jordison (the mastermind of this operation) put together a squad of five glam ghouls to pound out fun, catchy, loud rock tunes about cartoonishly evil stuff and...it works.

-Janey Tassajara

Battleroar

Dragonship 7"

Eat Metal Records (\$6 from Papagon 60, Haitari 42461 Greece/Battleroar@hotmail.com)

What is it about Greeks that makes them so good at playing metal? Maybe the Ouzo? Whatever, it seems to make them excel at many different styles, and this one (rifty traditional metal in the vein of Warlord or Brocas Helm) is no different.

Side A, "Dragonship," is majestic and powerful while side B, "Swordbrothers," is more anthemic. And with song titles like that, you know what to expect. Very cool packaging with an awesome 80's-style oil painting cover.

-Jeff Hayes

Underride

Horsepower Kills

HRB Records (Underride: PO Box 80325 Seattle WA 98108/underride.net)

A big-balled, big-sound riff-rock metal fest. Anger-fueled testosterone-heavy tough guy lyrics pounded out by an obviously talented heavy rock band and a singer with angst to spare. Great package, tight production and more attitude than an hour's worth of KNDD programming. So why aren't these guys huge?

Trepan

Trepan

Kurtis Empire (trepan.net)

A loose, blasting 8-tracker that runs the gamut from rambling, pounding heaviness to groovy rock and back again. Throw in some doom, some gloom, a bit of dissonance, and a dash of catchiness. Now turn it up and put it on repeat. See what happens.

-Mike Aruki

-Johnny Redstreak

Ponticello

Cotton Diesel and The Escape Artist

Kufala Recordings (ponticellomusic.com)

This powerhouse of a trio just keeps getting better and better. Their first two albums mined musical and emotional territory you wouldn't think possible from a drummer, a bassist and a fiddle player. Gradually, these guys added piano and mandolin. Then they blended in guitar, a smooth violin and perfect percussion to their already improbably engaging music. By 2002's *Down Like Mercury*, they were a fully-actualized three-piece with such richly textured material, it defied their three-piece-ness.

After years of proving that they could make delicious, atmospheric rock n' roll with decidedly un-rock n' roll instruments, they've now turned their sights inward. These two albums focus on the roots of the music more commonly associated with their instruments.

The Tom Landa-co-produced *Cotton Diesel* brings 10 songs of "Bluegrass, Celtic and Cajun Fiddle Music," while *The Escape Artist* matches those with 10 more songs of "Jazz, Blues and Gypsy Violin Music."

They pull off every song, every lick, with such ease and style, it's a testament to their vision and talent. They've got the chops to craft cool, moody rock n' roll, and these two albums show that they have a firm grip on what came before them.

-Jason Olcott



Wrathchild

Stakk Attakk

Heavy Metal Records

The Mount Everest of 80's glam metal. These heavily Aqua-Netted Brits took equal musical parts from the New York Dolls and the Sweet and brazenly presented them with equal visual parts W.A.S.P. and (early) Motley to produce the most ridiculously lovable sing-along fist-in-the-air over-the-top lipstick metal ever seen.

Every last drop of this album is sticky-sweet guitar-driven Velveeta glam rock, rife with ultra-catchy choruses happily carrying on about willing women and rebellion (lite). A gloriously cheesy (and knowing) tour-de-force of every hard rock cliché in the world.

Originally released in 1984 and just recently re-packaged and turned out again, this playful rock n' roll album is the perfect antidote for all the dismal bleak-rock dragging its tired ass all over the place these days. Turn it up!

-Mike Aruki





Survey Cez

Survey Cez
Yesterdays Times
 (surveycez.com)

The musically inventive minds of Seattle's Aaron Taylor and Adrian Leuthold are obviously quite lucid, as evidenced by these stylistically genre-bending 11 tracks. From tripped-out western songs to gently biting takes on folk rock to lazy cowboy-style campfire laments, and a bunch of other points on the bizarre spectrum, you're going to hear some cool stuff. The plaintive title track starts everything off, and it's clear from the get-go that this isn't absentmindedly turned-out, take-it-or-leave-it music. This stuff is *crafted*, brother!

Taylor and Leuthold, along with backing songstress Lisa McClintock, have lovingly sculpted these songs into little treasures. Perfect timing, nimble wordplay, deft articulation of clever prose and attention to detail (like McClintock's nuanced, beautiful singing) are but a few of this band's strengths. And it doesn't sound in the least bit contrived; on the contrary, it's all organic and natural and comfortable.

Taylor's got a way of singing that makes you feel at home, and more than a little eager to find out where the song's going next. He sings the line "Summer is over/Got my zero-leaf clover" like it's not genius, and somehow makes the rhyme "Somewhere a man is stuffing his pockets/With depleted uranium-tipped missile profits" work flawlessly. He drawls, sings (in Spanish, even), drags, twangs, and croons just right. Like this album, he seems to be bang-on in all the right places. A treat.

-Jason Olcott

Todd Snider

Live - Near Truths and Hotel Rooms
 Oh Boy Records (ohboy.com)

Live albums are great and all, but this one in particular deserves a gold star. When you go see Todd Snider live, you're not just going to hear his great music. You also go to hear his stories, his tall tales and his full-flavored takes on this American life. He'll go on, sometimes for 15 minutes or more, talking about how he came up with this or that song, and if you're lucky he'll tell you about Trog.

This album pulls together all the best elements of a Todd Snider show: hearty folksy American music and off the cuff quips, great stories and a very real intimate contact. A whole bunch of great songs and a whole bunch of great stuff between the songs.

-Jason Olcott



Ritual Steel

A Hell of a Knight

Miskatonic Foundation (Box 107 Densbury, West Yorkshire, WF12 QXR, UK)

This CD has gotten near constant play on my stereo for a month solid. These Krauts play traditional metal that's heavy as hell and has that great obscure 80's vibe I love so much. The songs have gallop that would make Steve Harris proud, and vocalist Sasha Maures's rasp brings Udo to mind. Look for the vinyl version with its cover of the Manilla Road classic "Necropolis." Highly recommended.

-Jeff Hayes

THE BRATZ

The Bratz

Live at Studio 7

contact phone: 206.325.1169

Most times, a band's bio sheet is bloated with bluster, half-truths and rose-colored factoids. Not so with these guys. Their brief promotional missive is nothing but dead-on details.

The three punchy little rockers on this disc are indeed "a hybrid of 1978 punk and English glam circa 1973." They do "rock out" and the perfect word to describe their sound is, fittingly, "bratty." This live demo is clearly "uncut" and decidedly "raw and...dynamic."

Even the photo tells their story. Three snotty-looking dudes in leather jackets, greasy hair and cheap shades standing still just long enough for the shutter to snap. If any of this sounds good to you, you're not alone. It sounds good to me, too.

-Sean Gamal



Rick Springfield

Shock/Denial/Anger/Acceptance

Gomer Records (rickspringfield.com)

About 20 years ago, this Australian transplant (re-) discovered a formula for hit records. Take some coy, teasing verses powered by a clean, radio-friendly guitar sound, lead directly into insanely catchy choruses, and always keep the cameras trained on himself. Repeat.

Well, for this album, he's apparently decided to dump that plan and just go from the gut. Gone are the cutesy (but loveable) radio jingles and in their place is a 17-song bank of fully-developed no-nonsense rock music. He's assembled an accomplished band of like-minded musicians who attack these songs from all angles.

There's bluesy smoke on "Alien Virus," delicate acoustic turns on "Angels of the Disappeared," sneering punkiness on the frenetic "I'll Make You Happy," and flat-out rawk on "Perfect" and "My Depression." In between, this band uses a host of tools to construct some great spectrum-crossing rock songs.

What ties it all together is a sense of anger, almost wrath, coming from Springfield himself. He seems to have a chip on his shoulder (ruined relationship?) that gives a nice, sharp edge to the proceedings. And that almost always makes for good rock n' roll. This album is no exception.

-Jason Olcott



Culprit

Guilty As Charged

Hellion Records (Sandberg 13—Postfach 1445--25524 Itzhoe, Germany/ hellionrecords.de)

A few times last issue, I pleaded with somebody, anybody, to release this incredible heavy metal album on CD. Well, apparently, the geniuses at Germany's Hellion Records were way ahead of me. Thanks to staff-writer Troy, who is more than adept at on-line sleuthing, this release was discovered. Thank goodness for Hellion. And for Troy.

This album is nothing short of the Greatest Heavy Metal Record Ever To Come Out Of the Pacific Northwest. Before heavy metal was even aware of itself, this band of amazing musicians cranked out this flamethrower of an album, and it was instantly recognized as a masterpiece.

Everything that every metal fan loves about metal is blasted out by the nine precious tracks on this classic record. The speedy, galloping riffage of Kjartan Kristofferson and John DeVol are mixed perfectly with powerchords that could lay waste to a battalion of marauding berserkers. Bassist Scott Earl and drummer Bud Burrill lay down a thunderous double-bass backbeat, nailing the many time-changes with a precision that belies the monstrosity of their sound.

The iron-clad lungs of singer Jeff L'Heureux bring the whole glorious package together and will have you howling along with it on the first listen. This is metal the way it's supposed to be. Get a hold of this thing if you know what's good for you.

-Jason Olcott

Murdock

3-Song CD Demo

(murdockrock@hotmail.com or 425.753.6872)

Throw this little bastard on, spin the volume knob and get out the way. These metallic punks blast out their furious rock n' roll like it's their last day on Earth. Nitro-fueled riffing and frenetic, foot-to-the-floor pacing from beginning to end. I had to listen to it five or six times before I could pin down influences like early Metallica (a flash of "Hit the Lights" whizzed past me), early Kiss (the dirty guitar sound) and even early Anthrax (the flavor of "A.I.R." is in the mix somewhere). I can't wait to hear more.

-Jason Olcott

Low Thin Square

4-Song CD Demo

(booking@lowthinsquare.com or Jesse: 206.779.4609)

Ever heard one of those demos where you're like 'I should probably go see these guys live?' Yeah. This is one of those. What comes across is a talented, tight, interesting band whose focused energy is along the lines of innovators like Tool. Bombastic at times and powerfully concentrated at others, these guys seem capable of some serious stuff. What is hinted at is how these guys (especially if they get a voice who fits them) could be explosive onstage. And how, with the full package, they could create intriguing, addictive music.

-D. Ray Morton

MTF

Six-song sampler

PO Box 300 Lenora St. #203, Seattle WA 98121/www.mtfmusic.com

On this nifty little 6-track combo pack (three songs from their current album *Wreckage* and three from the upcoming *New Life*), this Seattle four-piece metal beast explodes out of the starting gate, teeth gnashing and foaming at the mouth. They pound out blast after blast of razor-sharp power metal that brings to mind Pantera and a more vicious Sacred Reich.

The first three tracks showcase a band who are burning with drive and skill, but who are missing some...little...something. Then the newer stuff comes roaring out and it appears they've found it. By the fifth song, the monstrous "Blood in Black and White," MTF have hit their stride and are headed for a more focused and inventive place in the metal landscape.

This disc is so well done and crisply recorded, it's almost impossible to believe they did it themselves, on their own gear, at their rehearsal studio (!). Good show, boys. I'm anxious to hear the rest of your new stuff.

-Jason Olcott

Beat Senseless

I Don't Wanna Know

beatonsenseless.com

This CD is a most welcome addition to my collection. I've been hungry for some new aggressive rock lately, but too many bands out there just grate on my nerves. I can't take the mask-wearing goon-metal bands seriously, I'm not into songs about how dreary everything is, and I cannot fucking stand the agro-growl that so many "singers" think is so "brutal." What's a metalhead to do?

Answer: throw in this CD. It's well heavy enough to get the ole blood pumping and it's executed by four pro-level players who know what the hell they're doing. They've got a serious groove that is expertly woven through every song, and the singer (Rob Ropkins) has a beefy set of lungs to back up his impressive range and control. And he does not come off like the Cookie Monster with a throat condition.

-Jason Olcott

Arcana XXII

This Burning Darkness

www.arcana.zzde

Break out your atlases people, because this melodic death band hails from Namibia. Check it out. This is the first band from Africa I've heard and they do a very good job of flying the flag. They could use a little time to develop, as the vocals need a lot of work, but it's obvious they've got the right idea. Tracks like "Ramses" and "Like a God" have rad swirling guitar harmonies and show these guys are on the right track.

-Jeff Hayes

Solitaire

Rising to the Challenge

Iron Glory Records (Box 662, 71606 Ludwigsburg, Germany/ironglory.de)

You ever wondered what it would sound like to lock a bunch of tweakers in a studio, throw in some instruments, a pile of speed, and fed them a steady pounding of Exciter and Agent Steel? I'll tell you what you'd get: a masterpiece like this record. With an assault of breakneck riffs and a singer that screams like he means it, this is essential. You never hear bands like this anymore. Thrash 'til death!

-Jeff Hayes

Sonata Arctica

Winterheart's Guild

Century Media Records (sonataarctica.com)

Anybody out there miss the power and glory of Maiden's "Powerslave"? Do you hunger for the majesty of metal masterminds like Helloween? Anybody want to hear the imagery and power of early Dio? How about the crunch of "Puppets"-era Metallica? Then run to the record store and buy this album.

This humble four-piece from (somewhere in) Europe's northern frozen tundra provides all this and more on this ambitious 10-song explosion of metal fury. The thing that sets them apart, however, is that they aren't just volume-and-speed-junkies. They flavor their blasting attacks of masterful metal with layers of vocal excellence, chunky, dominating guitars and pummeling keyboard supremacy (!). And they never tire.

It's a teeth-gritting tour-de-force of vitality and potency, peppered with songwriting agility and the fluidity of technical ability. My god, this album rules.

-Jason Olcott

Comedy records

Dane Cook

Harmful if Swallowed

Comedy Central Records

A wild man. Not a zany, cooky wild, or an all-over-the-board Robin Williams-wild, or a smash-melons-with-a-sledgehammer wild. This is a vigorous, amped-up, edgy wild. Dane Cook infuses even his more pedestrian set-ups with so much of his natural, explosive energy, they're infectious. And this kinetic delivery turns his solid material (and there's a good amount) into real comic boomers.

His bits (Monopoly, Bathrooms, and Kool-Ade, for example) would indeed be legit funny in the hands of a more reserved stand-up, but this guy takes 'em through the roof. The DVD that comes with this package gives you the rock n' roll visual aspect as well, which should make just about everyone a believer.

-Jason Olcott

DANE
COOK



HARMFUL
IF SWALLOWED

Bill Hicks

Flying Saucer Tour Vol.1 (Pittsburgh 6/20/91)

Rykodisc Records

The latest in the line of posthumously-released comedy records by the great Bill Hicks, this one is just a bit different. At first, it seems like an average show recorded in town that's not really known for comedy. Probably the kind of show Bill Hicks (and every other working comic) had to plow through a thousand times on the comedy circuit. But this show was different. The audience wasn't just unenthusiastic, they were *against him*. And he fought back.

Alternately throwing jokes and cutting insults from the stage, Hicks fought back the tide of an unruly, aggressive audience, and by the end of the unusually-long set, won them over. It's not pretty, and as a comedy album it's not his proudest moment, but as a document of the shit that touring comedians have to stomach, it's valuable.

-Jason Olcott

Eddie Griffin

The Message

Warner Brothers Records

The emcee who introduces Griffin before this set proclaims that Richard Pryor had "dubbed this man the king of comedy, ya know what I'm sayin'?...a god, a genius of the comedy world." I doubt it.

There actually *might* be a few little crumbs of humor on this album, but I doubt it. If you can somehow slog your way through the endless mud bog of nigger-this and nigger-that, motherfuckin'-this and motherfuckin'-that, and fight through the constant barrage of you-know-what-I'm sayin's, you *might* discover a little scrap of comedy. But I doubt it.

This album is not funny. It's not even a comedy album. It's merely a collection of lame stories you might hear at a bus stop that is crammed so completely full of N-Words and broken ebomics that it's actually difficult to even understand. Garbage. You know what I'm sayin'?

-Sean Gamal

Eddie Izzard

Circle

Ella Communications

This guy's gotten some incredible press as a comic phenom. Apparently, some heavy hitters in the industry (Conan, John Stewart) seem to think he's God's gift to comedy. The sticker on the CD said something about him being the funniest man on the planet. Well. To these ears, Eddie Izzard comes off as an intelligent, worldly guy with some fairly witty observations that tend toward the absurd. Sounds to me like he comes off the cuff and riffs about whatever comes to his mind. Some of it is okay-funny, but "funniest man on the planet?" Nah.

-Jason Olcott

Dave Attell

Skanks For the Memories

Comedy Central Records

This album is a non-stop barrage of cleverly low-brow comedy bits. Once Attell starts, he punches, punches, punches you with about a million and a half quick-delivery off-kilter zingers that run the gamut from the peculiar to the silly to the flat-out deviant. None of it is high-minded or particularly enlightened, but it's not brainless either. It's a whirlwind-paced trip through the hilariously bent mind of an inventive comic who tweaks just about everything around him into blast after blast of FUNNY.

-Jason Olcott

Bobcat Goldthwait

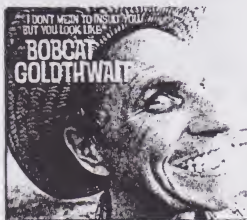
I Don't Mean To Insult You, But You Look Like Bobcat Goldthwait

Comedy Central Records

Coming way out of left field with this one is ole Bobcat. Who knew this guy was making stand-up records? A guy that's earned himself a hefty reputation as a dangerously unpredictable drugged-out whack-job, Bobcat pulls it together just long enough to record this pretty funny little package. History shows (I remember those HBO specials) that he's got the chops to blow an audience down with hilarious shit, but this record is mostly raunchy cheap-joke stuff (cum, dicks, pubic hair, etc.) with some smart, self-aware material thrown in.

It's a strange combination to be sure, because tasteless poop jokes followed up immediately by legitimately funny comments and audience banter leading directly back into locker room stuff is kinda lock-steppy. But if you've got the patience and the desire (as I do), you'll pick up on the little gems that are peppered throughout this album. If Bobcat ditches the cheap shit and focuses on his natural humor, the next album could be a barnburner. Stay tuned.

-Jason Olcott



Doug Stanhope

Something to Take the Edge Off

-ismist Recordings (www.ismista.com/www.dougstanhope.com)

Talk about an appropriate title. In this case, it's Stanhope's background guitarist Henry Phillips who takes the edge off. The light strumming coming out of the shadows is the perfect antidote to Stanhope's otherwise uncomfortably abrasive comic style.

With Phillips in the mix, Stanhope's delivery is more fluid, his anger blunted, and his whole act a great deal more listenable. With the jagged teeth of his natural surliness dulled just a tad, his bits seem to take on a new life and he comes off as an edgy comedian, rather than an angry young man carping on about the things that piss him off.

-Jason Olcott

George Lopez

Team Leader

Oglio Records

Maybe if I was Hispanic and could relate to the Hispanic-specific "jokes" that fill this entire album, I would be able to somehow appreciate it. Perhaps I could see the "humor" in Lopez going on an on about how Hispanic families interact, how they won't answer a knock at the front door, how they celebrate Christmas, how they use disposable cameras, how they have backyard weddings (I could continue...), then, *maybe* I would have laughed once at this comedy album. But I'm not, so I can't and I didn't.

-Sean Gamal

Timeless Dialog



This one comes from everyone's favorite sometimes-painful-to-watch movie, Trainspotting. When healthy Tommy takes his skag-addled crew out to the Scottish hills for a nature walk, he gets an earful. He steps off the train and heartily tromps across the green until he realizes nobody's following. He turns and sees them awkwardly sitting on the walkway, Renton drinking vodka straight out the bottle.

Tommy: Well, what are ya waitin' for?

Spud: Tommy. This is not natural, mate.

Tommy: It's the great outdoors! It's fresh air!

Sick Boy: Look, Tommy, we know you're gettin' a hard time off Lizzie, but there's really no need to take it out on us!

Tommy: Doesn't it make ya proud to be Scottish?!

Renton: It's shite being Scottish! We're the lowest of the low! The scum of the fuckin' Earth! The most wretched, miserable, servile, pathetic trash that was ever shat on civilization! Some people hate the English, I don't! They're just wankers! We on the other hand are colonized by wankers! Can't even find a decent culture to be colonized by! We're ruled by effite assholes! It's a shite state of affairs to be in, Tommy, and all the fresh air in the world won't make any fuckin' difference!



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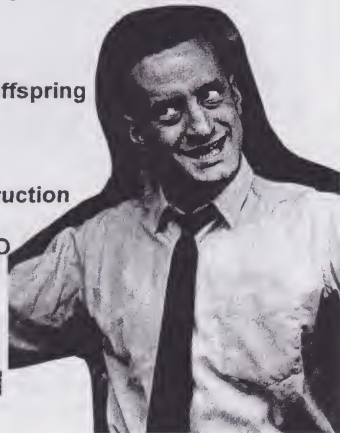
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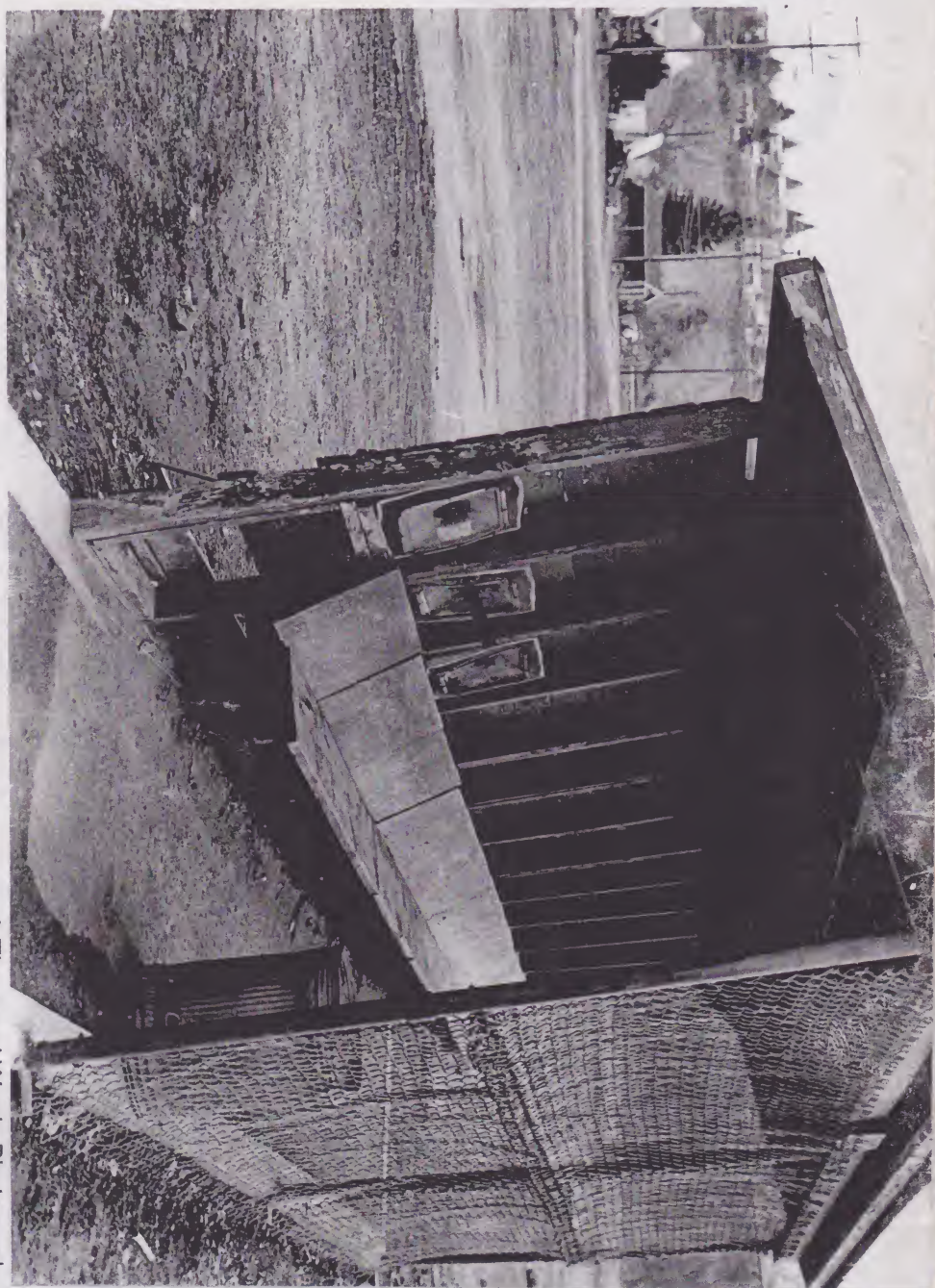
T H E

Chunk TOP 20

(The stuff we just can't stop listening to...)

1. *It's Not Funny* (the whole album) — **David Cross** — Another live set from this hilariously snide, sarcastic comic. Fresh and funny from start to finish.
2. *Battles Hymns of the Fifth Column* (the whole album) — **The Oswald Effect** — Just got this advance copy, and the whole thing demands repeated listening.
3. "My Depression" — **Rick Springfield** — A catchy, fiery rocker off his latest album, which is jammed full of good songs.
4. *Play the Field* (the whole album) — **The Outfield** — Yeah, *that* Outfield. I don't know why this is on so much, except that it brings back memories of that one summer on the lake.
5. *Skanks for the Memories* (the whole album) — **Dave Attell** — So damn many funny parts on this album, I just have to keep listening to it. Non-stop laughs. Really.
6. *Live After Death* (the whole album) — **Iron Maiden** — A titanic set of Maiden classics all in one package...and live, to boot. Cranks this up and feel the grandeur.
7. *Yesterday's Times* (the whole album) — **Survey Cez** — The thing about this album is that almost any time is a perfect time to put it on.
8. "Tear Stained Eye" — **Son Volt** — A timeless alt.country song. One for the ages.
9. "The Old Apartment" — **Barenaked Ladies** — Who can't relate to the weirdness of somebody else moving into *your* old pad? These Canucks capture that feeling, and turn it into a pretty decent rock song while they're at it.
10. "Tennessee Valley Authority" — **Chatham County Line** — Old-time country/western feel on this rousing foot-stomper. Picture everyone dancing on the front porch.
11. "Worker's Song" — **Dropkick Murphys**
12. "Solsbury Hill" — **Peter Gabriel**
13. TIE: "The Kids Aren't Alright"/"I Want You Bad" — **The Offspring**
14. "Tears of Repentance" — **Culprit**
15. *Cotton Diesel* (the whole album) — **Ponticello**
16. *Symbol of Salvation* (the whole album) — **Armored Saint**
17. *Here Come the Brides* (the whole album) — **Brides of Destruction**
18. *Fair Warning* (the whole album) — **Van Halen**
19. TIE: "Mr. Blue Sky"/"Livin' Thing"/"Strange Magic" — **ELO**
20. "Wonderboy" — **Tenacious D**





A Thousand Words Photography